# Newport Mercury.

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## The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Harry Dawson, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays. 12, '10

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen President; Anton Christensen Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Miss Margaret McRae; Secretary, Mrs Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays. 2 '11

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Frederick J. Buenzle, Adjutant, Ora Segure. 12, '10

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Mary F. Sullivan; Secretary, Mrs. James Lynch. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays. 12, '10

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James C. Walsh, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain F. A. O. Stuart; Jas W. Schmirr, Recorder. Meets first Friday. 2, '11

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—Hugh S. Meikle Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays. 12, '10

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Luck, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

## Local Matters.

### For Memorial Day.

Tuesday, May 30th, will be duly observed as Memorial Day, and the committee from Lawton-Warren Post, Sons of Veterans, and Spanish War Veterans are working hard to formulate plans for a successful day. Already one new feature has been promised to the committee, Mr. Henry W. Clarke having stated that the pupils of the Lenthal school will sing patriotic songs in the parade, passes Touro Park, and it is probable that other schools too will be represented by teachers and pupils. This will be an unusual feature of the day's observance and should prove a pretty one.

There will be the usual large street parade in the afternoon. The apprentice seamen will come over from the Training Station, accompanied by two bands of music, but the Marine Guard will not be in line this year as there are very few members of the corps on duty here. There will be four companies of Coast Artillery in line, under command of a Major, and headed by the Seventh Artillery Band.

The matter of music for the day caused some discussion at the committee meeting. It seems that there are now two bands in town, the Newport Municipal Band being under the management of Mr. McCloskey and to some extent composed of members who were formerly in the Newport Military Band. Both these bands wanted the Memorial Day work, but the committee voted to give the contract to the Municipal Band, who were the lowest bidders.

Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., John Hare Powel Camp, Sons of Veterans, Admiral Thomas Camp, Spanish War Veterans, and the Women's Relief Corps will attend special memorial service at the United Congregational Church on Sunday evening, May 28.

Nothing much is heard nowadays about the next lease of Easton's Beach. The present lease will expire next November and a new lease should not be executed without a careful study of the situation to see how Newport as a whole can best be benefited. The actual amount of rental to be paid for the Beach is a minor matter compared with the number and quality of attractions to be offered.

The next annual convention of the Grand Court of Rhode Island, Foresters of America will be held in this city next year, the invitation of the Newport Courts of the order having been accepted at the annual convention in Pawtucket on Tuesday. At that session Mr. F. S. Franco of this city was elected Grand Senior Woodward.

### Representative Council.

The new police station for Newport seems to be as far in the future as ever, and there is no immediate prospect of provision being made to start the building. The cause of the delay is the choice of a site, the members of the council being apparently equally divided between the Moorcroft and Jurgens sites. It was expected that the matter would be called from the table at the council meeting on Tuesday evening but no attempt was made to take it up, so the matter is still in abeyance.

Considerable business was transacted at the Tuesday evening meeting, including the election of Hon. William Paine Sheffield as chairman to succeed Hon. Robert S. Burlingame. The offices of city auditors were created and Abner L. Slocum and George W. Bacheller, Jr., were elected to these positions. A traffic ordinance was passed also. The ringing of the fire alarm for the Ladd villa fire caused some excitement and many members who are connected with the fire department left to attend the fire.

In the absence of a chairman City Clerk Fullerton called the meeting to order. After the calling of the roll the resignation of Robert S. Burlingame, chairman of the council, was read and accepted. Mr. Fullerton then called for nominations for chairman for the unexpired term and there was but one name presented, that of William Paine Sheffield by Dr. Brackett, and Mr. Sheffield was unanimously elected. In taking the chair he thanked the council for the honor conferred upon him and expressed his satisfaction with the workings of the new charter thus far.

The first business was the fixing of the salary for the inspector of food products, authorized by the General Assembly. There was some discussion about the duties of the office. A motion to make the salary $1500 was lost, and the amount was then fixed at $1000, an appropriation of $600 being made for the balance of the year.

The traffic ordinance, as prepared by the city solicitor at the direction of the council was then taken up. This was a long document and the members followed the reading carefully. It was then gone over section by section and over some of the items there was discussion, while others were allowed to stand without objection. The article prohibiting the leaving of vehicles in the street when not in use was amended by making it apply only to Thames street between Touro and Franklin between the hours of ten a. m. and six p. m. An article prohibiting the delivery of heavy articles in the congested part of Thames street at certain hours was stricken out. The two following sections were also stricken out, one prohibiting the use of heavily laden vehicles on Thames street at certain hours, and the other requiring heavily laden vehicles to take the first side street to Spring street. Mr. Fearing suggested an amendment requiring all vehicles to carry lights but this was defeated. The ordinance was adopted as amended.

Mr. J. B. Sullivan asked unanimous consent to introduce new business, including a petition for curbing Anthony street, and an ordinance granting one day off in each month for members of the police force. Mr. Dyer objected to both because there was no money available.

At the request of Mr. W. R. Harvey unanimous consent was granted for the introduction of an ordinance giving the employes of the City Hall a half holiday on Saturdays. The ordinance was passed unanimously. Mr. Tanner desired to introduce a petition from the inspector of plumbing requesting an allowance of $200 a year for expenses of a horse. Unanimous consent was refused.

The committee on city auditor presented a report recommending the election of two auditors to examine the books and accounts of the city once in six months, at a salary of $200 a year each. The ordinance accompanying the report was adopted without discussion, a motion to lay on the table until next year not being seconded. A resolution appropriating $400 to pay the city auditors was then adopted. A resolution was passed appropriating $35 for supplies for the crossing tenders. A petition from J. K. McLennan and others asking for an extension of the new sewerage system was received. A petition from A. C. Landers, Jr., and others asking for a granolithic sidewalk on Everett street was referred to the street commissioner for an estimate.

The election of city auditors to fill the offices just created was taken up. For one office there were several nominees, but the names were withdrawn until there were only Abner L. Slocum and William J. McCormick. Mr. Slocum received 74 votes to 62 for Mr. McCormick and was elected. For the other office, two ballots were necessary and George W. Bacheller, Jr., was elected, receiving 83 votes to 43 for J. Frank Albro and 6 for Clarence Greason.

The following resolution was introduced by unanimous consent and was adopted:

"Resolved, That the city solicitor be and is hereby directed to give his opinion to the Council

"First, as to whether or not the Board of Aldermen has the authority to permit the erection or maintenance of any structure in the public highways for business purposes.

"Second, whether or not the Board of Aldermen has a legal right at present to grant licenses to public shows, entertainments and spectacles."

The Council was not averse to hearing opinions on these matters, and the resolution was then passed; then the Council adjourned.

### Dedication of Cemetery.

The new cemetery of the Congregation Jeshuat Israel on Farewell street will be dedicated with fitting ceremony to-morrow (Sunday) morning at 11 o'clock. Invitations have been extended to members of the General Assembly, Mayor Boyle, the members of the Board of Aldermen, General Treasurer Walter A. Read and others to be present. President Max Levy of the Congregation will preside and make a short address. Rev. B. A. Lichter, rabbi at the synagogue, and Rev. Julius Bloch, cantor, will take part in the exercises. Mayor Patrick J. Boyle and Representative Robert S. Franklin are also expected to speak.

The old Touro Cemetery at Bellevue avenue and Kay street was dedicated in 1658. It is a place of great historic significance and it has been deemed inadvisable to continue to use it. The Congregation therefore some twelve years ago started to purchase a suitable ground, beginning with six lots, and gradually extending its holdings until they have reached the present proportions. The grounds are on Farewell street, adjoining the Braman cemetery, and have been considerably ornamented and improved. The granite work was put up by the Congregation by voluntary assessment on each member. The State appropriated from the income of the Touro Cemetery Fund the sum of $1000 for repairs to monuments and gravestones in the old cemetery and the erection of a fence about the new cemetery.

### Food Inspector Elected.

The Newport board of health, acting under authority of the law passed by the last session of the General Assembly, on Wednesday elected Mr. William S. Hazard inspector of food products. The salary was fixed by the representative council on the previous evening at $1000 a year. This selection by the board to fill this very important office gives general satisfaction. Mr. Hazard is a man who has had large experience with food products, having been engaged all his life in the butchering business. He worked at the butcher's trade for many years and afterward opened a retail market for himself. The office is a most important one, as the inspector will have authority over all forms of food products under rules formulated by the board of health. There seems to be no question about having full authority and there is reason to believe that hereafter food supplies will be handled under clean and sanitary conditions and that no meat unfit for food will be offered for sale in Newport.

Ex-Senator Rathbone Gardner of Providence gave an interesting talk on "The Present Status of Corporations" at the dinner of the Channing Club on Monday evening. There was a good attendance of members and guests. President Herbert W. Lull presided at the dinner and introduced the speaker of the evening. Mr. Gardner presented both sides of the important question of corporate ownership, and believed that the ultimate solution must be exclusive monopoly in many lines but with a close supervision by the federal government. All corporations must be satisfied with a reasonable profit on a fair capitalization with full publicity to secure this result. The paper was carefully prepared and showed thorough familiarity with the subject.

Mr. S. S. Thompson has decided to innovate a new idea for Newport, that of the Thursday half-holiday for his employees. Hereafter his grocery at Lake's corner will be closed at noon on Thursdays in order that the men may have a well deserved rest. This plan has been adopted with success in some cities and it will very likely prove that Mr. Thompson will be the pioneer in a general movement of this kind in Newport.

Mrs. William Barton Rogers is seriously ill at her home in Boston, and is not expected to live. Mrs. Rogers has a handsome estate on Gibbs avenue and has spent her summers in Newport for forty years. Her husband was the founder of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

On the eighth page of this issue will be found an interesting announcement from Mr. George Whitefield Meade, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Dr. Mead is now interested in real estate in Nutley, N. J.

### Two-Alarm Fire.

The Ladd Villa on Bath road, built many years ago and which has stood vacant for a number of years, was practically totally ruined by a fire of unknown origin Tuesday evening, necessitating the striking of two alarms and giving the firemen a long hard fight before the flames were out, and even then the chemical wagon had to go back to the scene in the middle of the night to extinguish a little fire that had broken out afresh.

It was a little after eight o'clock Tuesday evening that two boys rushed up to the patrolman on the beat with word that the Ladd villa was on fire. He at once pulled in an alarm from Box 415 on Red Cross avenue. The apparatus made as good time as possible but it was a long hard run over a steep hill and by the time they reached the place one entire wing was a mass of flames. The building sets well back from the road and it was at once seen that more hose would be required so a second alarm was struck. Water was soon pouring on the flames, and the men went to work inside and out. Within, the heat was intense, and it was difficult to stay there long. The flames worked through the partitions and made it almost impossible for the fighters to get behind the fire, as it penetrated through a large part of the house. Fortunately there were few buildings nearby to be in danger from the flames, and there was little chance of the fire spreading, but the men worked as hard to put the fire out as if it had been in the heart of the business district.

The sounding of the second alarm served to call a large crowd of people to the scene in the expectation of seeing a big fire. From the spectacular point of view their expectations were realized. The flames lit up the fields and trees and the firemen could be plainly seen at work in the light of the fire. Both the members of the department and the spectators found the going very difficult and many fell into ditches or got caught in swampy places. The building was so situated that it was necessary to get close in order to see the burning spectacle and the fields for a long distance were filled with people looking on.

The spectacle lasted for a long time as the fight was a hard one. At times sections of the building fell, but the firemen were on the alert, so that no one was seriously injured, although there were several minor injuries. Tons of water were thrown onto the flames, long lines of hose being laid and two steamers being called into service. There were others at hand but they were not required. The recall was not sounded but the companies were sent back to their houses when the Chief decided that he could dispense with them.

The cause of the fire is unknown. It apparently started in the basement, but the house seemed to be securely fastened up when the firemen reached there. As far as known there had been no one in the house for a considerable time. Painting had been going on, but this work was completed some days before and the ladders were removed on the day of the fire. A patrolman on duty during the day had seen two men entering the grounds but lost sight of them and did not find out what they were doing there.

The Ladd villa was started many years ago, when that section of Bath road was regarded as highly desirable as a residential locality. The late John G. Ladd, the owner, was an architect, and as the building of the house progressed he moved in with his family, adding continually to the structure. It is said that he did not desire the building to be finished, but preferred to keep the work going on. As a result, it may be said that the house was never finished. It was a well built building and was finely finished within and without. After the members of the family died that building stood unoccupied for some time and last fall was sold by the heirs to a Providence firm, with the understanding that there would be cottages built on the front of the grounds and that the main building would be a sort of hotel, a summer colony of Hebrews being contemplated. Some money had been laid out on the main building for painting and repairs, and the front lots were advertised. There was some insurance on the building, but whether or not that will be sufficient to cover the loss is unknown. It is generally believed that it would hardly be profitable to attempt to restore the building, as that would probably be practically as expensive as building new.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry V. Stanley observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on Wednesday evening. They received many friends and were tendered hearty congratulations.

The fishing season is still not very lively. What few mackerel have been brought in have commanded a good price, and it seems likely that business will be looking up before long.

### Recent Deaths.

Captain John A. McDonald.

Captain John A. McDonald, for many years captain of the Jamestown Ferry boats died at his home in Jamestown on Monday evening after a short illness. A little more than a week before his death he suffered a chill while at work and pneumonia soon developed. It was at first thought that he would recover but his heart was unable to resist the strain put upon it and he failed steadily.

Captain McDonald was known to a host of people from all over the world who spend their summers in Newport or Jamestown. He was of a kindly genial nature and all who knew him came to esteem him highly. He was regarded as a steamboat captain of more than ordinary ability and experience and his long record was without a flaw.

Captain McDonald was left an orphan at a very tender age and was brought up by the late Captain Edward Dickens of Block Island. He was at times engaged in farming and sometimes in fishing, always being thoroughly at home on the water. He was for a time employed on the old steamer Eolus of the Wickford Line, afterward taking the ferry boat Jamestown of the West Ferry. He succeeded Captain Armbrust in command of the Connanicut and had been for many years the head captain of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company. He was unmarried and made his home with Mrs. Edward Dickens who had brought him up from his boyhood days.

Funeral services were held at the Baptist Church in Jamestown on Wednesday afternoon and were largely attended. St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., of this city, of which he was a member attended in a body and the Masonic ritual was conducted at at the grave.

Mrs. Charles C. Pomeroy.

Mrs. Charles Coolidge Pomeroy, one of Newport's well known summer residents, died at her residence on Ocean avenue on Thursday afternoon after a considerable illness. She had been in poor health for some time, but desired to come to Newport as usual, believing that the change would be beneficial to her. About a week ago, she came on in a private car, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Philip A. Clark, her son-in-law and daughter. Since her arrival here she had failed steadily.

Mrs Pomeroy was a daughter of Robert W. Burnet of Cincinnati and a sister of Mrs. Joseph F. Stone of this city. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Philip A. Clark, with whom she made her home, and Mrs. Edward Van Cutsen of England. The funeral will take place in this city to-morrow.

### Tablet Unveiled.

A memorial tablet for Philander Shaw was dedicated at the morning service at Channing Memorial Church last Sunday morning, the entire service being in the nature of a memorial to him. Rev. Mr. Jones preached a sermon on the subject, "The Life, Character and Benefactions of Philander Shaw." The rest of the service was conducted in the east transept where the tablet was unveiled by Mrs. Frank M. Greenlaw, who designed it. Dr. Charles A. Brackett then presented the tablet to the church in behalf of the committee, which was composed of Rev. Mr. Jones, Mrs. Greenlaw, Dr. Brackett, and Miss Elizabeth H. Swinburne. The late Henry C. Stevens was also a member of the committee. The tablet was accepted by Dr. A. F. Squire in behalf of the corporation of the church.

There was a peculiar accident off Point Judith on Tuesday, as a result of which the coal schooner Judge Low of Maine was towed into this harbor with practically all her masts and rigging carried away. The story told on arrival here was to the effect that the schooner was becalmed off Point Judith when the tug Edgar A. Luckenbach came up with a tow. The tug went one side of the schooner and the tow the other, with the result that the bowsprit raked across the deck, carrying away both masts and doing other damage. The Luckenbach went at once to the assistance of the schooner and brought her in to Newport harbor. None of the crew were injured. The Judge Low was bound for Pembrook, Maine, and word of the disaster was at once sent to the owners from here.

The regular weekly practice march of the apprentices from the Training Station took place on Wednesday, Mate William McKay being in command of the line. The boys are marching well this year, and the weekly parades attract much attention.

A new granolithic sidewalk is being laid along the south side of Bath road from Cliff avenue to the Beach. This is one of the new walks authorized by the representative council and work on the others will probably be begun as soon as this is finished.

### Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening the board gave a hearing to Miss Clara Hirschman on her petition for damages of $4000 for injuries alleged to have been received as the result of a fall on an icy sidewalk on Green street on February 20. Mr. F. F. Nolan was her counsel and presented the case to the board. Miss Hirschman's statement was to the effect that she was walking on Green street on the afternoon of February 20, using due care. When near the corner of the Aquidneck National Bank building she slipped on the ice that had formed there and fell, sustaining a broken ankle. She was attended by Dr. Sweet and had been confined to her bed for seven weeks. The ice was apparently formed from water dripping from a leader of the bank building and flowing across the sidewalk. Other witnesses called were Dr. John H. Sweet, Jr., Mr. Dexter Wilkenson, and Patrolman Scott. The board took the case under consideration after hearing the testimony.

Regular weekly business was transacted at the board meeting, including the approval of bills and payrolls. Aldermen Mahoney, Kelly and Albro were appointed a committee to take charge of the celebration of Independence Day, the city having made the usual appropriation therefor. A communication from Admiral Rodgers asking that the electric light pole on the sidewalk opposite Church street be moved so as to allow a change in the roadway on the Government Landing, was referred to the superintendent of wires with power to act.

An invitation from Lawton-Warren Post to participate in the parade on Memorial Day was received and accepted. The deed of the abutting owners to Bush street, a way recently built through the Bush estate on Mann avenue, was referred to the city solicitor. Several licenses was granted and other minor matters were attended to.

### Marsh's Elevator Burned.

The second two-alarm fire of the week was discovered late Thursday evening, when there was a lively blaze in the grain elevator of H. L. Marsh & Co. on Marsh street. It looked mighty bad for a time, but the prompt work of the firemen prevented very extensive damage to the structure. It is believed though that the loss on contents, injured by the heavy smoke that penetrated to every part, will be considerable. The building and contents were insured to an amount that will probably cover the loss.

The fire was discovered by a passer on Bridge street, and an alarm was at once sounded from box 122. When the first company arrived there was a mass of flames in the southwest corner of the building near the ground, the fire having apparently started near the engine room. Smoke was pouring out of the upper part of the building and things looked bad. When Chief Kirwin arrived he immediately ordered a second alarm calling more men and apparatus. The fire was easier to handle than it looked however and comparatively little water sufficed to extinguish the flames before they reached the great quantity of grain stored there. The fire was confined to the lower floor and the damage to the building proper will not be extensive.

The Marsh elevator has been on fire several times before, but in every case prompt discovery of the flames has resulted in saving the property.

The members of the Guild of the United Congregational Church, assisted by members of the Young Men's Club, gave a delightful presentation of the comedy-drama, "True Hearts are more than Coronets," in the parish house on Monday evening. There was a large attendance and everything went off without a hitch. Miss Ethel K. Simes-Nowell was in charge of the production and the cast included William McLeod, A. W. Thompson, Jr., Henry C. Bowler, Fritz Swanson, John C. Hass, Henry Wheeler, Miss Roffler, Miss Reid, Miss Speers, and Miss Bogren.

The marriage of Miss Annie J. Littlefield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irving P. Littlefield, and Mr. Frederick A. Payne, U. S. N., will take place at the residence of the bride's parents on Bull street this evening. The bride will be attended by Miss Gertrude Minkler, and the ceremony will be performed by Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D. The groom was formerly in the hospital service at the Training Station here but is at present attached to the torpedo boat destroyer Drayton.

Edward A. Lathrop, chief gunner's mate on the scout cruiser Birmingham, died suddenly on board that vessel while it was at Guantanamo Bay on May 2nd. The remains were shipped to this city and funeral services were held from the residence of his brother-in-law, Charles E. Bacheller, on Tuesday. There was a large attendance.

# The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

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*PROLOGUE*

*English detective stories have their waxing and their waning in public favor; their American imitations hold the readers' attention for a time; French and German acuteness in the devising of original plots engages our interest until the tales of newer writers are told, but Anna Katharine Green's detective stories, based on incidents of American life, are perennial bloomers. They know no permanent rivals in American liking.*

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CHAPTER I.

THE HESITATING STEP.

THE moon rode high, but ominous clouds were rushing toward it—clouds heavy with snow. I watched these clouds as I drove recklessly, desperately over the winter roads. I had just missed the desire of my life, the one precious treasure which I coveted with my whole undisciplined heart, and, not being what you call a man of self restraint, I was chafed by my defeat far beyond the bounds I have usually set for myself.

I rode on, hardly conscious of my course, till the rapid recurrence of several well known landmarks warned me that I had taken the longest route home and that in another moment I should be skirting the grounds of the Whispering Pines, our country clubhouse. The season was over and the clubhouse closed, and when, the great stack of chimneys coming suddenly into view against the broad disk of the still undouded moon, I perceived a thin trail of smoke soaring up from their midst I realized with a shock that there should be no such sign of life in a house I myself had closed, locked and barred that very day.

I was the president of the club and felt responsible. I turned in at the lower gateway. For reasons which I need not now state there were no bells attached to my cutter, and consequently my approach was noiseless. I was careful that it should be so; also careful to stop short of the front door and leave my horse and sleigh in the black depths of the pine grove, pressing up to the walls on either side. I was sure that all was not as it should be inside these walls.

Our clubhouse stands, as it may be necessary to remind you, on a knoll thickly wooded with the ancient trees I have mentioned. These trees—all pines and of a growth unusual and of an aspect well high hoary—extend only to the rear end of the house, where a wide stretch of gently undulating ground opens at once upon the eye, suggesting to all lovers of golf the admirable use to which it is put from early spring to latest fall. Now links as well as parterres and driveways were lying under an even blanket of winter snow. No other building stood with a half mile in any direction.

I felt the isolation as I stepped from the edge of the trees and prepared to cross the few feet of open space leading to the main door. In some moods I should have paused and thought twice before attempting the door, behind which in the dark lurked the unknown with its naturally accompanying suggestion of peril. But rage and disappointment, working hotly within me, had left no spare for fear. Rather rejoicing in the doubtfulness of the adventure, I pushed my way over the snow until my feet struck the steps. Here instinct caused me to stop and glance quickly up and down the building either way. Not a gleam of light met my eye from the smallest scintillating pane. Was the house as soundless as it was dark?

I listened, but heard nothing. I listened again and still heard nothing. Then I proceeded boldly up the steps and laid my hand on the door.

It was unlatched and yielded to my touch. Light or no light, sound or no sound, there was some one within. The fire which had sent its attenuated streak of smoke up into the moonlit air was burning yet on one of the many hearths within. I proceeded to enter and close the door carefully behind me. As I did so I cast an involuntary glance without. The sky was inky, and a few wandering flakes of the now rapidly advancing storm came whirling in, biting my cheeks and stinging my forehead.

Once inside I stopped short, possibly to listen again, possibly to assure myself as to what I had best do next. The silence was profound. Not a sound disturbed the great, empty building. My own footfall as I stirred seemed to wake extraordinary echoes. I had moved but a few steps, yet to my heightened senses the noise seemed loud enough to wake the dead. Instinctively I stopped and stood stock still. There was no answering cessation of movement darkness, silence everywhere. Yet not quite absolute darkness. As my eyes grew accustomed to the place I found it possible to discern the outlines of the windows and locate the stairs and the arches where the side halls opened. I was even able to pick out the exact spot where the great antlers spread themselves above the hat rack, and presently the rack itself came into view, with its row of empty pegs, yesterday so full, today quite empty. That rack interested me, I hardly knew why, and regardless of the noise I made I crossed over to it and ran my hand along the wall underneath. The result was startling. A man's coat and hat hung from one of the pegs.

Would this hat and coat identify the intruder? I would strike a light and see. But this involved difficulties. The gas had been turned off that very morning, and I had no matches in my pocket. But I remembered where they could be found. I had seen them when I passed through the kitchen earlier in the day.

I began to move that way and presently came creeping back with a match box half full of matches in my hand. But I did not strike one then. I had just made a move to do so when the unmistakable sound of a door opening somewhere in the house made me draw back into as quiet and dark a place as I could find. This lay in the rear and at the right of the staircase, and as the sound had appeared to come from above it was the most natural retreat that offered. And a good one I found it.

I had hardly taken up my stand when the darkness above gave way to a faint glimmer and a step became audible coming from some one of the many small rooms in the second story, but slowly and with evident hesitation.

The light steadily increased with each lagging but surely advancing step. Then the uncertain step paused, and a sob came faintly to my ears, wrung from lips stiff with human anguish. The sound of the sigh struck shudderingly on my ear, followed by the renewal of the step and the almost immediate appearance on the stairs of a beautiful young girl of seventeen holding a candle in one hand and shielding her left cheek with the other.

Nothing could have prepared me for an encounter with this woman anywhere that night after what had

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL SHIELDING HER LEFT CHEEK.

passed between us and the wreck she had made of my life. But here, in a place so remote and desolate I had hesitated to enter it myself, what was I to think? How was I to reconcile so inconceivable a fact with what I knew of her in the past, with what I hoped from her in the future?

It was evident that some grisly fear, some staring horror, had met her in this strange retreat. Simple grief speaks with a different language from that which I read in her distorted features and tottering, slowly creeping form. What had happened above? She had escaped me to run upon what? My lips refused to ask, my limbs refused to move, and if I breathed at all I did so with such fierceness of restraint that her eyes never turned my way, not even when she had reached the lowest step and paused for a moment there, oscillating in pain or uncertainty. Her face was turned more fully toward me, and I had just begun to discern something in it besides its tragic beauty when she made a quick move and blew out the candle she held.

Then there came a crash, followed by the sound of flying feet. She had flung the candlestick out of her hand and was hurriedly crossing the hall. I thought she was coming my way and instinctively drew back against the wall. But she stopped far short of me, and I heard her groping about, then give a sudden spring toward the front door. It opened, and the wind soughed in. I felt the chill of snow upon my face and realized the tempest. Then all was quiet and dark again. She had slid quickly out, and the door had swung to behind her.

Another instant and I heard the click of the key as it turned in the lock, heard it and made no outcry, such the spell, such the bewilderment, of my faculties! Then I felt all lesser emotions give way to an anxiety which demanded immediate action, for the girl had gone out without wraps or covering for her head, and my experience of the evening had told me how cold it was. I must follow and find her and rescue her if possible from the snow.

Throwing myself against the door, I shook it violently. It was immovable. Then I flew to the windows. Their fastenings yielded readily enough, but not the windows themselves. One had a broken cord, another seemed glued to its frame, and I was still struggling with the latter when I heard a sound which lifted the hair on my head and turned my whole attention back to what lay behind and above me. There was still some one in the house. To find Carmel Cumberland alone in this desolation was a mystifying discovery to which I had found it hard enough to reconcile myself. But Carmel here in company with an unknown another at the very moment when I had expected the fruition of my own joy—ah, that was to open hell's door in my breast, a possibility too intolerable to remain unsettled for an instant.

Leaving the window, I groped my way along the wall until I reached the rack where the man's coat and hat had hung. Nothing now hung from the rack. The wall was free from end to end. She had taken these articles of male apparel with her; she had not gone forth into the driving snow unprotected, but—.

I did not know what to think. The groping she had done had been in this direction. She was searching for this hat and coat (a man's hat, a derby, as I had been careful to assure myself at the first handling), and in them she had gone home as she had probably come, and there was no man in the case, or if there were—

The doubt drove me to the staircase. I began my wary ascent. I had not the slightest fear. I was too full of cold rage for that.

The arrangement of rooms on the second floor was well known to me. I understood every nook and corner and could find my way about the whole place without a light. I took but one precaution, that of slipping off my shoes at the foot of the stairs. I wished to surprise the intruder. I was willing to resort to any expedient to accomplish this. The matches I carried in my pocket would make this possible if once I heard him breathing. I held my own breath as I stole softly up and waited for an instant at the top of the stairs to listen. There was an awesome silence everywhere, and I was hesitating whether to attack the front rooms first or to follow up a certain narrow hall leading to a rear staircase when I remembered the thin line of smoke which, rising from one of the chimneys, had first attracted my attention to the house. In that was my clew.

I knew that there was but one room on this floor where a fire could be lit. It lay a few feet beyond me down the narrow hall I have just mentioned. Why had I trusted everything to my ears when my nose would have been a better guide? As I took the few steps necessary a slight smell of smoke became very perceptible, and, no longer in doubt of my course, I pushed boldly on and, entering the half open door, struck a match and peered anxiously about.

Emptiness here just as everywhere else, a few chairs, a dresser—it was a ladies' dressing room—some smoldering ashes on the hearth, a lounge piled up with cushions, but no person. The sound I had heard had not issued from this room, yet something withheld me from seeking further. I paused just inside the door and when the match went out in my hand remained shivering there in the darkness, a prey to sensations more nearly approaching those of fear than any I had ever before experienced in my whole life.

Why I did not know. There seemed to be no reason for this excess of feeling. I had no dread of attack. My apprehension was of another sort. Besides, any attack here must come from the rear—from the open doorway in which I stood—and my dread lay before me, in the room itself, which, as I have already said, appeared to be totally empty. I had forgotten the intruder. The interest which had carried me thus far had become lost in a fresher one of which the beginning and ending lay hidden within the four walls I now stared upon, unseeing. Not to see and yet to feel—did that make the horror? If so another lighted match must help me out. I struck one while the thought was hot within me and again took a look at the room.

I noted but one thing new, but that made me reel back till I was halfway into the hall. Then a certain dogged persistency I possess came to my rescue, and I re-entered the room at a leap and stood before the lounge and its pile of cushions. They were numerous—all that the room contained and more. Chairs had been stripped, window seats denuded and the whole collection disposed here in a set way which struck me as unnatural.

But at this point my second match went out.

Thoroughly roused now (you will say by what?), I felt my way out of the room and to the head of the staircase. I remembered the candle and candlestick I had heard thrown down on the lower floor by Carmel Cumberland. I would secure them and come back and settle these uncanny doubts. I had a hunt for the candlestick and a still longer one for the candle, but finally I recovered both and, lighting the latter, felt myself for the first time more or less master of the situation.

Rapidly regaining the room in which my interest was now centred, I set the candlestick down on the dresser and approached the lounge. Hardly knowing what I feared or what I expected to find, I tore off one of the cushions and flung it behind me. More cushions were revealed, but that was not all.

Escaping from the edge of one of them I saw a shiny tress of woman's hair. I gave a gasp and pulled off more cushions. Then I fell on my knees, struck down by the greatest horror which a man can feel. Death lay before me—violent, uncalled for death—and the victim was a woman.

It was she—she indeed. Dead—Adelaide, the woman I had planned to wrong that very night and who had thus wronged me! For a moment I could take in nothing but this one astounding fact: then the how and why woke in maddening curiosity within me.

But beyond the ever accusing, protuberant stare those features told nothing, and, steeling myself to the situation, I made what observation I could of her condition and the sur-

DEATH LAY BEFORE ME.

rounding circumstances, for this was my betrothed wife. Whatever my intentions, however far my love had strayed under the spell cast over me by her sister—the young girl who had just passed out—Adelaide and I had been engaged for many months. Our wedding day was even set.

But that was all over now—ended, as her life was ended, suddenly, incomprehensibly and by no stroke of God. Even the jewel on her finger was gone, the token of our betrothal. This was to be expected. She would be apt to take it off before committing herself to a fate that proclaimed me a traitor to this symbol. I should see that ring again. I should find it in a letter filled with bitter words. I would not think of it or of them now. I would try to learn how she had committed this act, whether by poison or—

It must have been by poison. No other means would suggest themselves to one of her refined sense. But if so why those marks on her neck, growing darker and darker as I stared at them?

My senses reeled as I scrutinized those marks. Small, delicate, but deadly, they stared upon me from either side of her white neck till nature could endure no more, and I tottered back against the farther wall, beholding no longer room nor lounge nor recumbent body, but a young girl's exquisite face, set in lines which belied her seventeen years and made futile any attempt on my part at self deception when my reason inexorably demanded an explanation of this death. As suicide it was comprehensible, as murder not, unless—

And it had been murder!

I sank to the floor as I fully realized this.

CHAPTER II.

"OPEN!"

I HAVE mentioned poison as my first thought. It was a natural one, the result undoubtedly of having noticed two small cordial glasses standing on a little table over against the fireplace. When I was conscious again of my own fears I crossed to the table and peered into these glasses. They were not club glasses, and they both were empty. However, they had not been so long. In each I found traces of anisette cordial, and, though no bottle stood near, I was very confident that it could readily be found somewhere in the room. What had preceded and followed the drinking of this cordial?

Alas, there was but little more to see! A pair of curling irons lay on the hearth, but I had no sooner lifted them than I dropped them with a shudder of unspeakable loathing, only to start at the noise they made in striking the tiles, for it was the selfsame noise I had heard when listening from below. These tongs, set up against the side of the fireplace, had been jarred down by the forcible shutting of the large front door, and no man other than myself was in the house or had been in the house—only the two women. A stick or two still smoldered on the hearthstone. In the ashes lay some scattered fragments of paper which crumbled at my touch. On the floor in front I espied only a stray hairpin. Everything else was in place throughout the room except the cushions and that horror on the lounge, waiting the second look I had so far refrained from giving it.

That look I could no longer withhold. I must know the depth of the gulf over which I hung. I must not wrong with a thought one who had smiled upon me like an angel of light—a young girl, too, with the dew of innocence on her beauty to every eye but mine and only not to mine within—shall I say ten awful minutes? I would look again and perhaps discover that my own eyes had been at fault; that there were no marks on Adelaide's throat, or, if marks, not just the ones my fancy had painted there.

Turning, I let my glance fall first on the feet. I had not noted them before, and I was startled to see that the arctics in which they were clad were filled all around with snow. She had walked then as the other was walking now—she who detested every effort and was of such delicate make that exertion of unusual kind could not readily be associated with her. Had she come alone or in Carmel's company, and, if in Carmel's company, on what ostensible errand if not that of death? Her dress, which was of dark wool, showed that she had changed her garments for this trip. I had seen her at dinner, and this was not the gown she had worn then—the gown in which she had confronted me during those few intolerable minutes when I could not meet her eyes. Nothing spoke of the dinner party or of her having been dragged here unaware, but all of previous intent and premeditation. Surely hope was getting uppermost. If I had dreamed the marks—

But, no! There they were, unmistakable and damning, just where the breath struggles up. I put my own thumbs on these two dark spots to see if, when— What was it—a lightning stroke or a call of fate which one must answer while sense remains? I felt my head pulled around by some unseen force from behind and met staring into mine through the glass of the window a pair of burning eyes. Or was it fantasy? For in another moment they were gone. But the possibility of a person having seen me in this position before the dead was enough to startle me to my feet, and, though in another instant I became convinced that I had been the victim of hallucination, I nevertheless made haste to cross to the window and take a look through its dismal panes. A gale of blinding snow was sweeping past, making all things indistinguishable, but the absence of balcony outside was reassuring, and I stepped hastily back, asking myself for the first time what I should do and where I should now go to insure myself from being called as a witness to the awful occurrence which had just taken place in this house. Something I must do to save myself, the anguish and Carmel the danger of my testimony in this matter. She must never know, the world must never know, that I had seen her here.

I could not be the death of two women. The loss of one weighed heavily enough upon my conscience. I would fly the place—I would leave this ghastly find to tell its own story. The night was stormy, the hour late, the spot a remote one and the road to it but little used. I could easily escape, and when the morrow came— But it was the present I must think of now—this hour, this moment. How came I to stay so long? In feverish haste I began to throw the pillows back over the quiet limbs, the accusing face. Shudderingly I hid those eyes (I understood their strange protuberance now) and, recklessly bent on flight, was halfway across the floor when my feet were stayed—I wonder my reason was not unseated—by a sudden and tremendous attack on the great door below, mingled with loud cries to open which ran thundering through the house, calling up innumerable echoes from its dead and hidden corners.

It was the police. The wild night, the biting storm, had been of no avail. An alarm had reached headquarters, and all hope of escape on my part was at an end. Yet, because at such crises instinct rises superior to reason, I blew out the candle and softly made my way into the hall. I had remembered the window opening over a shed at the head of the kitchen staircase. I could reach it from this rear hall by just a turn or two, and once on that shed a short leap would land me on the ground, after which I could easily trust to the storm to conceal my flight across the open golf links. It was worth trying, at least. Anything was better than being found in the house with my murdered betrothed.

I had no reason to think that I was being sought or that my presence in this building was even suspected. It might well be that the police were even ignorant of the tragedy awaiting them across the threshold of the door they seemed intent on battering down. The gleam of a candle burning in this closed up house or even the tale told by the rising smoke may have drawn them from the road to investigate.

With a spring I reached the window by which I hoped to escape and quickly raised it. A torrent of snow swept in, covering my face and breast in a moment. It did something more—it cleared my brain, and I remembered my poor horse standing in this blinding gale under cover of the snow packed pines. Every one knew my horse. I could commit no greater folly than to flee by the rear fields while such a witness to my presence remained in full view in front. With the sensation of a trapped animal I reclosed the window and cast about for a safe corner where I could lie concealed until I learned what had brought these men here and how much I really had to fear from their presence.

I had but little time in which to choose. The door below had just given way, and a party of at least three men were already stamping their feet free from snow in the hall. I did not like the tone of their voices; it was too low and steady to suit me. I had rather have heard drunken cries or a burst of wild hilarity than these stern and purposeful whispers. Men of resolution could have but one errand here. My doom was closing round me. I could only put off the fatal moment. But it was better to do this than to plunge headlong into the unknown fate awaiting me.

I knew of a possible place of concealment. It was in the ballroom not far from where I stood. I remembered the spot well. It was at the top of a little staircase leading to the musicians' gallery. A balustrade guarded this gallery, supported by a boarding wide enough to hide a man lying behind it at his full length. It would offer me the double advantage of concealment and an unobstructed view of what went on in the hall through the main doorway opening directly opposite. I could reach this ballroom and its terminal gallery without going around to this door. A smaller one communicated directly with the corridor in which I was then lurking, and toward this I now made my way with all the precaution suggested by my desperate situation. No man ever moved more lightly. The shoes which I had taken off in the lower hall were yet in my hand. I had caught them up after replacing the cushions on Adelaide's body. Even to my own straining ears I made no perceptible sound. I reached the balcony and had stretched myself out at full length behind the boarding before the men below had left the lower floor.

More quickly than I expected the total darkness in which I lay brighten-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE


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# Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

In effect July 1, 1910.
Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 5.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10.20 p. m., then 11.20 p. m.

Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.30 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 6.20 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.20 p. m.

Sundays 8.00 a. m., the same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 13, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.15, 6.30 a. m. and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park, for Mile Corner 6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6.45 a. m., then every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a. m., and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 8.45 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 8.52 a. m. and then same as week days.

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General Superintendent.

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# New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 8, 1900.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.47, 8.00, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 9.13 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

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## THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

ed under an advancing lantern, and I heard the steps of two men coming down the hall. It was a steady if not rapid approach, and I was quite prepared for their presence when they finally reached the doorway opposite and stopped to look in at what must have appeared to them a vast and empty space. When I lifted my head again it was to catch a glimpse of their side faces as they turned to look elsewhere for what they were plainly in search of. An oath, muffled but stern, which was the first word above a whisper that I had heard issue from their lips, told me that they had reached the room and had come upon the horror which lay there.

Maddened by my own intolerable position, drawn by a power I felt it impossible to resist, I crept to my feet and took my staggering way down the half dozen steps of the gallery and thence along by the left hand wall toward the farther doorway and through it to where these men stood weighing the chances in which my life and honor were involved and those of one other of whom I dared not think.

It was dark in the ballroom, and it was only a little less so in the corridor. All the light was in that room. But I still slid along the wall like a thief, with eyes set and ears agape for any chance word which might reach me. Suddenly I heard one. It was this, uttered with a decision which had the strange effect of lifting my head and making a man of me again:

"I FIND HER LYING HERE DEAD."

"That settles it. He will find it hard to escape after this."

*Her!* I had been dreading to hear a *she*. Yet why? Who save myself could know that Carmel had been within these woeful walls tonight? Relieved by the discovery, I drew myself up and stepped quickly forward into the room where the two officials stood. My hands were clean of this murder, and, allowing the surety of this fact to take a foremost place in my mind, I faced these men, and with real feeling, but as little display of it as possible I observed:

"You have come to my aid in a critical moment. This is my betrothed wife—the woman I was to marry—and I find her lying here dead in this closed and lonely house. What does it mean? I know no more than you do."

The two men eyed me quietly; then Policeman Hexford, whom I knew, pointed to my shoeless feet and sternly retorted:

"Permit me to doubt your last assertion. You seem to be in better position than ourselves to explain the circumstances which puzzle you."

They were right. It was for me to talk, not for them. But here emotion seized me, and I almost broke down. I was in a position much more dreadful than any they could imagine or should be allowed to.

Their silence led me to examine their faces. Hexford's mouth had settled into a stiff, straight line, and the other man's wore a cynical smile I did not like. At this presage of the difficulties awaiting me I felt one strand of the rope sustaining me, above this yawning gulf of shame and ignominy crack and give way. But the courage which had served me in lesser extremities did not fail me now, and, kneeling down before my dead betrothed, I kissed her cold white hand with sincere compunction before attempting the garbled and probably totally incoherent story with which I endeavored to explain the inexplainable situation.

They listened—I will do them that much justice—but it was with such an air of incredulity that my words fell with less and less contiguity and finally lost themselves in a confused stammer as I reached the point where I pulled the cushions from the couch and made my ghastly discovery.

"You see—see for yourselves—what confronted me. My betrothed — a dainty, delicate woman—dead, alone, in this solitary, faraway spot, the victim of what? I asked myself then—I ask myself now. I cannot understand it—or those glasses yonder—or—or those marks!" They were black by this time—unmistakable—not to be ignored by them or by me.

"We understand those marks, and you ought to," came from the second man, the one I did not know.

My head fell forward. My lips refused to speak the words. The vision of the one woman bending over the other was a maddening one. I shook myself free from it by starting to my feet. "It's—it's"— I gasped.

"She has been strangled," quoth Hexford doggedly.

"A dog's death," mumbled the other.

"You had better sit down," Hexford suddenly suggested, pushing a chair my way. "Clarke, look up the telephone and ask for three more men. I am going into this matter thoroughly. Perhaps you will tell us where the telephone is?" he asked, turning my way.

The second man left the room to go to the telephone. As he did so Hexford lit the candle. Idly watching for nothing now could make me look at the lounge again, I noticed the candlestick. It was of brass and rare in style and workmanship—a candlestick to be remembered, one of a pair, perhaps. I felt my hair stir as I took in the details of its shape and ornamentation. If its mate were in her house—No, no, no! I would not have it so. I could not control my emotion if I let my imagination stray too far. The candlestick must be the property of the club. I had only forgotten. It was bought when? While thinking, planning, I was conscious of Hexford's eyes fixed steadily upon me.

"Did you go into the kitchen in your wanderings below?" he asked.

"No," I began, but seeing that I had made a mistake, I bungled and added weakly, "Yes; after matches."

"And did you get them?"

"Yes."

"In the dark? You must have had trouble in finding them?"

"Not at all. Only safety matches are allowed here, and they are put in a receptacle at the side of each door. I had but to open the kitchen door, feel along the jamb, find the receptacle and pull the box out. I'm well used to all parts of the house."

"Where did you light your first match?"

"Upstairs."

"Not in the kitchen?"

"No, sir."

"That's a pity. I thought you might be able to tell me how so many wine and whisky bottles came to be standing on the kitchen table."

I stared at him, dazed. Then I remembered the two small glasses on the little table across the room and instinctively glanced at them. But no whisky had been drunk out of them. The odor of anisette is unmistakable.

"You carry the key to the wine cellar?" he asked.

I considered a moment. I did not know what to make of bottles on the kitchen table. These women and bottles! They abhorred wine; they had reason to. I remembered the dinner and all that had signalized it and felt my confusion grow.

"The keys were given up by the janitor yesterday," I managed to stammer at last. "But I did not bring them here tonight. They are in my rooms at home."

I finished with a gasp. I had suddenly remembered that these keys were not in my rooms. I had had them with me at Miss Cumberland's, and, being given to fooling with something when embarrassed, I had fooled with them and dropped them while talking with Adelaide and watching Carmel. I had meant to pick them up, but I forgot and—

"You need say nothing more about it," remarked Hexford. "I have no right to question you at all. Let us see what there is in here," stepping into the adjoining small room, into which I had simply peered in my own investigation of the place.

As he did so a keen blast blew in; a window in the adjoining room was open. He cast me a hurried glance and, with the door in his hand, made the following remark:

"Your ladylove, the victim here, could not have come through the snow with no more clothing on her than we see now. She must have worn a hat and coat or furs or something of that nature. Let us look for them."

As I followed him into the closet he pushed the door wide, pulling out an electric torch as he did so. By its light we saw almost at first glance the coat and hat he professed to seek, lying in a corner of the floor, beside an overturned chair.

"Good!" left my companion's lips. "That's all straight. You recognize these garments?" I nodded, speechless.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A SCRAP OF PAPER.

SHORTLY after this a fresh relay of police arrived, and I could hear the whole house being ransacked. I had found my shoes and was sitting in my own private room before a fire which had been lighted for me on the hearth. I was in a state of stupor now!

The storm, which had been exceedingly fierce while it lasted, had quieted down to a steady fall of snow. Had its mission been to serve as a blanket to this crime by wiping out from the old snow all telltale footsteps and such other records as simplify cases of this kind for the detectives it could not have happened more apropos to the event. While this filled me with relief in one way, it added to my care in another, for the storm which could accomplish so much in so short a time was a bitter one for a young girl to meet, and Carmel must have met it at its worst in her lonesome struggle homeward.

The door behind me opened, and I turned to face Dr. Perry, once a practicing physician and my father's intimate friend, now a county official of no ordinary intelligence and, what was better, of no ordinary feeling.

His attachment to my father had not descended to me, and for the moment he treated me like a stranger.

"I am the coroner of this district," said he. "I have left my bed to have a few words with you and learn if your detention here is warranted. They have told me what you had to say in explanation of your presence here where a crime of some nature has taken place. But I should like to hear the story from your own lips. You have been intending to marry Miss Cumberland?"

"Yes." I looked the man directly in the eye. "Our wedding day was set."

"Did you love her? Pardon me. If I am to be of any benefit to you at this crisis I must strike at the root of things. If you do not wish to answer say so, Mr. Ranelagh."

"I do wish." This was a lie, but what was I to do, knowing how dangerous it would be for Carmel to have it publicly known where my affections were really centered? "I am in no position to conceal anything from you. I did love Miss Cumberland. We have been engaged for a year."

"I see, and she returned your love?"

"Sincerely." Was the room light enough to reveal my guilty flush? She had loved me only too well, too jealously, too absorbingly for her happiness or mine.

"And the sister?"

It was gently but gravely put, and instantly I knew that our secret was out, however safe we had considered it. This man was cognizant of it, and if he, why not others? Why not the whole town? I made my reply in these words:

"Her sister is her sister. I hardly think that either of us would be apt to forget that. Have you heard otherwise, sir?"

He was prepared for equivocation, possibly for denial, but not for attack. His manner changed and showed distrust, and I saw that I had lost rather than made by this venturous move.

"Is this your writing?" he suddenly asked, showing me a morsel of paper which he had drawn from his vest pocket.

I looked and felt that I now understood what the pines had been trying to tell me for the last few hours. That compromising scrap of writing had not been destroyed. It existed for her and my undoing. But Carmel was no fool even if she had wild and demoniacal moments. This could not be my note to her—that fatal note which would make all denial of our mutual passion unavailing.

"Is it your writing?" my watchful inquisitor repeated.

I looked again. The scrap was smaller than my note had been when it left my hands. If it were the same then some of the words were gone. Were they the first ones or the last? It would make a difference in the reading or, rather, in the conclusions to be drawn from what remained. If only the mist would clear from before my eyes or he would hold the slip of paper nearer. The room was very dark. The—the—

"Is it your writing?" Coroner Perry asked for the third time.

There was no denying it. My writing was peculiar and, quite unmistakable. I should gain nothing by saying no.

"It looks like it," I admitted reluctantly, "but I cannot be sure in this light. May I ask what this bit of paper is and where you found it?"

"Its contents I think you know. As for the last question, I think you can answer that also if you will." Saying which he quietly replaced the scrap of paper in his pocketbook.

I followed the action with my eyes. I caught a fresh glimpse of a darkened edge and realized the cause of the faint odor which I had hitherto experienced without being conscious of it. The scrap had been plucked out of the chimney. She had tried to burn it. I remembered the fire and the smoldering bits of paper which crumbled at my touch. And this one—this, the most important, the only important one of them all—had flown, half scorched, up the chimney and clung there within easy reach.

The whole incident was plain to me, and I could even fix upon the moment when Hexford or Clarke discovered this invaluable bit of evidence. It was just before I burst in upon them from the ballroom, and it was the undoubted occasion of the remark I then overheard:

"This settles it. He cannot escape us now."

During the momentary silence which now ensued I tried to remember the exact words which had composed this note:

"Tonight—10:30 train—we will be married at P. Come, come, my darling, my life. She will forgive when all is done. Hesitation will only undo us. Tonight at 10:30. Do not fail me. I shall never marry any one but you."

Was that all? I had an indistinct remembrance of having added some wild and incoherent words of passionate affection affixed to her name. Her name! But it may be that in the hurry and flurry of the moment these terms of endearment simply passed through my mind and found no expression on paper. I could not be sure any more than I could be positive from the half glimpse I got of these lines which portion had been burned off—the top, in which the word "train" occurred, or the final words, emphasizing a time of meeting and my determination to marry no one but the person addressed. The first gone, the latter might take on any sinister meaning. The latter gone, the first might prove a safeguard, corroborating my statement that an errand had taken me into town.

It would be hard to find an alibi for Carmel if suspicion once turned her way. She had not met me at the train. The unknown but doubtless easily to be found man who had handed me her note could swear to that fact.

Then the note itself! I had destroyed it, it is true, but its phrases were present to my mind. They were these—innocent, if she were innocent, but how suggestive in the light of her probable guilt!

"I cannot. Wait till tomorrow. Then you will see the depth of my love for you—what I owe you, what I owe Adelaide."

I was conscious that not a look or movement of mine had escaped the considerate but watchful eye of the man before me.

"You do not relish my questions," he dryly observed. "Perhaps you would rather tell your story without interruption. If so I beg you to be as explicit as possible. The circumstances are serious enough for perfect candor on your part."

I took a quick resolve. I would appear to throw discretion to the winds, to confide to him what men usually hold sacred, to risk my reputation as a gentleman, rather than incur a suspicion which might involve others more than it did myself.

"I will give you an account of myself," said I. "I did love Adelaide once, or thought so, but my feelings changed. A great temptation came into my life. Carmel returned from school and—you know her beauty, her fascination. A week in her presence and marriage with Adelaide became impossible. But how evade it? I knew, only the coward's way—to lure this inexperienced young girl, fresh from school, into a runaway match. This evening I had set us the limit of my endurance of the intolerable situation. During a minute of solitude preceding the dinner at Miss Cumberland's house on the hill I wrote a few lines to her sister, urging her to trust me with her fate and meet me at the station in time for the 10:30 train. I meant to carry her at once to P., where I had a friend in the ministry who would at once unite us in marriage. I was very peremptory, for my nerves were giving way under the secret strain to which they had been subjected for so long, and she herself was looking worn with her own silent and uncommunicated conflict.

"To write this note was easy, but to deliver it involved difficulties. Miss Cumberland's eyes seemed to be more upon me than usual. Mine were obliged to respond, and Carmel, seeing this, kept hers on her plate or on the one other person seated at the table, her brother Arthur. But the opportunity came as we all rose and passed together into the drawing room. Carmel fell into place at my side, and I slipped the note into her hand. She had not expected it, and I fear that the action was observed, for when I took my leave of Miss Cumberland shortly after I was struck by her expression. I had never seen such a look on her face before, nor can I conceive of one presenting a more extraordinary contrast to the few and commonplace words with which she bade me good evening.

"I neither knew Adelaide nor did I know the girl whose love I had so overestimated. She failed me, Dr. Perry. I was met at the station not by herself, but by a letter—a few hurried lines given me by an unknown man—in which she stated that I had asked too much of her—that she could not so wrong her sister who had brought her up and done everything for her since her mother died. I have not that letter now or I would show it to you. In my raging disappointment I tore it up on the place where I received it and threw the pieces away. I had staked my whole future on one desperate throw, and I had lost. If I had had a pistol!— I stopped, warned by an easy movement on the part of the man I addressed that I had better not dilate too much upon my feelings. I pulled myself together and proceeded to finish my story with greater directness.

"I did not leave the station till the 10:30 train had gone. It was from sheer preoccupation of mind that I drove this way instead of straight out by Marshall avenue. As I reached the bend in the road where you get your first sight of the buildings I saw a thin streak of smoke rising from one of its chimneys, and, anxious as to its meaning, I drove in"—

"Wait, Mr. Ranelagh, I am sorry to interrupt you, but by which gate did you enter?"

"By the lower one."

"Was it snowing at this time?"

"Not yet. It was just before the clouds rushed upon the moon. I could see everything quite plainly."

My companion nodded, and I went breathlessly on. Any question of his staggered me. I was ignorant of the facts at his command. I was not able to conjecture by what chance or at whose suggestion the police had raided the place and discovered the tragedy which had given point to that raid. I continued, but I omitted all mention of the most serious part of my adventure—said nothing of my vision of Carmel or the terrible conclusions which her presence there had awakened.

"There is no more to say," I concluded. "I know nothing. It is all a phantasmagoria to me—with no more meaning than a nightmare. She is dead—I know that—but beyond that all is doubt—confusion. I can neither understand nor explain."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WOMAN AND WOE.

### Old Age in India Invariably Blends the Two Into One.

"I have seen women under a burning midday sun reaping in the fields," says a writer on India; "I have seen them at roadmaking in the streets of cities; I have seen them loading engines with coal at railway stations; I have seen them in long procession on the white roads of the plains carrying great burdens on their heads like a string of camels. And I have seen also in the eyes of every old woman whom I have encountered, every one of them, such misery, adversity and angry bitterness as seemed to curse the very air of heaven. I have not seen one happy old woman in the whole country.

"Women follow through the village like a dog at the husband's heel. Maternity is no excuse for the task in the field and the duties of the house. They are servants without wages and without liberty to select another master. Before them is perpetual servitude, and if they are so abandoned by the gods as to reach old age their certain destiny is misery, dejection, friendliness and black despair. I never knew all the meaning of the word woe until I looked into the face of an old woman under an Asian sky.

"The women folk of the upper classes in India, speaking generally, are more the prisoners of their husbands than the women of the helot castes. They do not labor except in cooking and serving the meals of their husbands, but they are cut off from the world as completely as a nun; they do not even know, in many cases, the male relations of their husbands. They are little more than caged animals taught to do a few household tricks."—Chicago News.

### An Embarrassing Situation.

A young man fresh from the varsity, where he had excelled in athletics, presented himself for ordination. The bishop, as was his custom, entertained the candidates at the palace, and after dinner the usual informal evening party took place. At this function the young man referred to entered into conversation with an affable gentleman in clerical attire whom he found standing in leisurely fashion just within the drawing room door. "Who's that rather scrumptious looking girl on the sofa?" said he. "She's my wife," replied the affable cleric, with an amused smile. The young candidate was silenced for a moment, then he stammered: "I am sure I beg ten thousand pardons! I thought she was the bishop's daughter." "So she is," was the quiet rejoinder, "and I'm his lordship's domestic chaplain."


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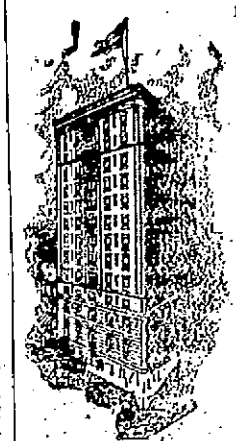

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# The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, May 20, 1911.

The Governor's veto will cause much hardship to most of the enterprises with which the State is concerned.

The closing down of many State enterprises on account of the Governor's veto will work a great hardship in many instances. The road improvement, the destruction of the gypsy and brown-tail moths, the repairs on the Stone Bridge, the lobster hatchery, and the protection of the licensed lobstermen will all have to stop. Such a condition of affairs has never before happened in this State. The veto will cost the State many thousands of dollars.

It is a little singular that the Daily News is so anxious for the passage of the taxation bills that the City of Providence and Governor Pothier are laboring so hard to force on the people of the State, when a year ago the representative council of which both the owner, city editor and foreman of its job printing establishment were all members, unanimously voted against them and sent a committee of five to Providence to oppose them. Evidently the management of that paper has forgotten the action of a year ago.

The Democrats in Congress are in somewhat of a quandary. One of their own number has introduced a pension bill which it will take an additional forty-five millions to meet, and the leaders neither dare oppose it nor pass it. The farmers free list bill which passed the House by a solid Democratic vote their leaders admit will take over ten millions from the revenue of the Government. The reciprocity measure will reduce the revenue by nearly ten millions more, and they begin to wonder where they will bring up.

The Massachusetts Supreme Court has handed down a decision that the proposed tax bill in that State is unconstitutional. That is, that there cannot be one rate of taxation on real estate and another on personal property. The rate must be the same in all cases. The New Hampshire Supreme Court a few months ago rendered practically the same decision in that State. From these decisions it would seem that those who are pressing similar bills in this State would have to take a different track if they want their bills to hold. Most of the lawyers of the State who have given the matter any consideration claim that the corporation tax law for this State would meet a similar fate.

The new Secretary of State for Massachusetts does not think much of the Bay State's Governor. In a speech the other night he said: "Foss is in no way qualified for his position and I believe that he is demonstrating that fact every day. When Governor Foss was in the Republican party he was the kind of Republican who never approved of the candidates and was constantly criticising everything. For my part I am glad he isn't with us any more. I only fear that the people of this state will not learn to appreciate his true lack of value. There is an old adage which says that when you have a malignant disease in one army, the best thing to do is to get it into the other army." That is about the same estimate as others have formed of the accidental Governor.

The representative council of Newport on April 8, 1910, unanimously passed a resolution opposing the tax bills that have been before the General Assembly for the last two years and sent a committee consisting of Clark Burdick, Andrew K. Quinn, Henry C. Bacheller, Dr. Charles A. Brackett, and John P. Hammond to Providence to oppose them. The language of the report of this committee to the representative council is as follows: "Your committee have given considerable attention to the recommendations of the Joint Special Committee and feel that it is not for the best interests of the City or the State to levy a tax on collateral inheritances, to impose a State tax on domestic incorporated companies, or to relieve intangible personal property from the burden of the general property tax rate and establish a special rate for this class of property."

The Governor has seen fit to veto a large number of the appropriations made by the General Assembly. Many of these appropriations were very important and the holding up of the money will work a hardship in many instances. The plea that there is no money to meet the appropriations is no more convincing than it would have been a year ago when the Governor signed all the bills presented and the General Treasurer found the money to meet them. The same would have been the case this year. The State is not bankrupt and the appropriations made this year were not extravagant. The holding up of the Stone Bridge appropriation in particular will work a great hardship and inconvenience to Newport County. With that bridge closed to traffic this year Newport County and Newport City in particular will lose many thousands of dollars. Every appropriation in which Newport was interested seems to have been held up by the Governor.

## Must Dissolve.

The Supreme Court of the United States decides that the Standard Oil Company is a combination in restraint of trade and that it must dissolve, which it now proposes to do. This is one of the gigantic concerns of the country. It has a capital stock of $110,000,000, of which $100,000,000 is common and $10,000,000 is preferred. It is supposed to have a surplus of about $500,000,000.

The cash assets of the company, according to the last annual report, were about $688 a share. These assets don't include the value of the company's oil above ground, which is figured at $300,000,000, or about $300 a share; so that in actual liquidation the value of the Standard oil stock would be about $988 a share.

The company has 8000 miles of trunk pipe-line, 75,000 miles of feeders and controls 70 per cent. of the refining business of the country, having 22 refineries each with a daily capacity of from 15,000 to 30,000 barrels.

It has erected and maintains oil supplies in nearly 4000 stations throughout the United States, holds 80,000,000 barrels of oil continually in reserve and requires 9000 tank cars and 5000 tank wagons to handle initial domestic distribution.

More than one-half of the company's refined products is consumed abroad, 200 vessels, including 60 ocean tank steamers, being engaged in transporting its products, and this foreign business has brought to this country more than $1,000,000 of foreign gold.

The company employs 70,000 men, has a payroll of $150,000 a day, and in 40 years of corporate existence has had no labor trouble.

Maine is the oldest prohibition State in the Union, and yet we see in the Boston daily papers headlines like these: "Bangor Thirst is Unrelieved;" "Mayor has Kept Saloons Shut Since the Fire;" "Barkeepers are Anxious." If prohibition prohibits how is it that there are any saloons to keep closed, or any barkeepers to be anxious?

Ten months of the fiscal year have passed and government receipts are $1,500,000 ahead of expenditures exclusive of Panama Canal operations. But customs revenue is falling behind that of last year, and the change began as soon as the threat of tariff ripping materialized.

Gov. Woodrow Wilson declares that the mission of the Democratic party is not to upset things, but to set them right. The governors of the Carolinas would say to set 'em up early, often and right along,—says an Exchange.

A member of the British Parliament has asked the prime minister if President Taft has not "committed a blazing indiscretion." It depends upon the point of view. The Democrats think he hasn't.

Farmers who stayed away from the polls in 1910 are taking more interest in politics in 1911,—says a Western Exchange.

## MIDDLETOWN.

The Island District of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the state will hold a District Convention on Tuesday next with the Portsmouth Union at the Methodist Church. There will be morning and afternoon sessions, and the entertaining Union will serve a paid luncheon at noon. There will be an election of officers and other necessary business transacted at the morning session. Several of the state officers will be present.

Arbor Day exercises were held at the five schools on Friday last and were followed by the planting of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants in the adjoining school yards, with the exception of the Wyatt School, where the children adjourned to the Wyatt Waiting Room and assisted in the planting of a tree in the adjoining triangle, the gift of Mrs. Wm. R. Hunter to the town. A jar containing the official permission of the town, a list of the scholars and the teacher's name, and the name of the donor, and the attending circumstances, was placed at the roots: Flowering pansies encircled the tree. The Oliphant Club planted six hydrangea bushes at the Middletown Free Library following appropriate exercises which were held at the Holy Cross Guild House, near by. The program was in charge of Mrs. Harold Chase. The funeral of Mr. Daniel Almy which was held at the same time somewhat detracted from the attendance.

To permit the members to attend "The World in Boston," no meetings were held through the week at the Methodist Episcopal Church last week. Fourteen were planning to attend on Saturday but the excursion not been abandoned. But four went however, others planning to go later. Rev. Edward E. Wells, the pastor, spent three days in Boston and on Sunday evening at the church, gave a most interesting summary of what he saw while at this wonderful exposition.

Peace Day was observed Thursday May 18, in the schools, by the Superintendent of the Department of Peace of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Lilla P. Peckham, also a member of the School Board. The program was brief and the exercises included the singing of America, a printed prayer on Peace written by Rev. E. E. Wells, dialogues, poems, readings by the children, an address on Peace by Mrs. Peckham, and the flag salute, given by the children. The Peace Day buttons, to have been distributed, were delayed in reaching here and will be given out at a later date.

Several articles were read on Corn, its first growth in America, and its many uses. Two very clever poems were given on grange work, also an article on "Health and Long Life" by the chaplain, Mrs. Elisha Clarke Peckham, who was the embodiment of the reading, having passed her 81st birthday on May 3d a most faithful and interested grange, she was a charter member of Aquidneck Grange in 1893, of which order her third son is now master. The next meeting of the County Grange will occur June 20 at Portsmouth Grange Hall, "rain or shine."

## WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Democrats are Contemplating Further Tariff Tinkering—Interstate Commerce Commission is Studying the Express Business of the Country and Important Revelations are Expected—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington D. C., May 18, 1911.

The national legislative body now in session in Congress is proving to be an unruly team. The Republican majority in the Senate cannot elect a president protem. The insurgent Senators have the balance of power and led by Senators La Follette and Cummins were able to defeat Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, the caucus nominee. The Democratic house is well organized and aggressive, and with its powerful majority acting as a unit, is passing many important legislation. It has passed the Canadian reciprocity bill and the farmers' free list bill, and these measures are now before the Senate. Delegations of farmers professing to be representative are besieging the Senate and the President in an effort to kill the Canadian reciprocity bill, but on the other hand there are delegations from the west and northwest, including agricultural representatives, much more numerous, urging the passage by the Senate of the reciprocity act. Chairman Underwood is confident that a much more important tariff program than has yet been presented to the lower House will be passed by this body, the majority of whom it appears are in favor of free wool. The wiser heads of the Democratic majority are in favor of materially reducing the tariff on wool, but are opposed to so drastic a measure as admitting it duty free. The wool schedule is an important source of revenue to the government, and to materially reduce the tariff will increase this revenue and will at the same time enable the millions of wearers of wool garments in the United States to dress more elegantly and more comfortably. The bill is of course objectionable to the Wyoming Senator, whom the late Senator Dolliver said was the greatest shepherd since Abraham, and a few herdsmen in the sparse settlements in the northwest. It will also interfere with the Massachusetts factory monopoly, but it will result in great benefit to ninety-nine one-hundredths of the population of the United States.

One of the most important investigations ever made by the Interstate Commerce Commission is that of the express companies of the United States. This investigation is now under way. The commission has before it much material which it is at present studying and arranging. It is thought that the outcome will be a complete change in the express business of the country. Quite recently there was held in Washington a convention relative to the much talked about and written about parcels post. This was attended by distinguished men from various parts of the country. Some of them have made a thorough study of the express situation. It is somewhat remarkable that the resolution was passed by the convention favoring the complete absorption or control of the express companies by the government. Assuming that half the things complained against the express companies are sustained, it will not be strange if the demand for government ownership will be urgent after the Interstate Commerce Commission's report has been published. In the states of Iowa, Minnesota and California railway commissioners have recently made investigations into the operations of these companies. Business interests throughout the country are urging an examination relative to the express companies, insisting that their rates are exorbitant and that their practices are unfair. Last fall, two hundred and eight commercial organizations petitioned the Interstate Commission to make the inquiry which is now under way. The commission, let it be understood, has full authority over express rates, regulations and practices. It is claimed by those who have thoroughly studied the subject that there is no reason whatever for the existence of express companies independent of railroad companies, and it is a well known fact that the railroad companies themselves are extensive stock owners, if they do not actually control the majority of stock of the express companies, and that they are using these companies to enormously increase their profits with the result of enormously oppressing the millions who have to resort to them as common carriers. The profits in the case of some of the companies it is known are as high as 200 per cent. to 300 per cent. There is no reason why the United States should not carry express packages under the parcels post system for the benefit of all the people of the country.

## MIDDLETOWN.

Conanicut Grange Jamestown entertained the Newport County Pomona Grange No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, Tuesday at their town hall. The rain of the morning prevented the usual morning session, the grangers not reaching there till about noon and three from Nonquit Grange Tiverton coming in about three o'clock. Dinner was served at 12 o'clock by the entertaining grange. The afternoon session was conducted by Worthy Master George Howland, who is also the Deputy for Newport County. An extended business session usually held before dinner interfered considerably with the lecturer's program which was to have been devoted to a talk on the Corn growing contest to be given this summer throughout the state for which many prizes are to be offered.

Mr. Charles H. Ward, Dennis J. Murphy, and Edward J. Peckham were appointed a committee by Aquidneck Grange Middletown, to arouse interest in the matter. Richard M. Bowen, General State Deputy and Master of Kent County Pomona Grange No. 3, was present and made an interesting and helpful address. While speaking also of this contest he mentioned the Connecticut Patron's Exchange and recommended the grangers to avail themselves of its cooperative advantages. Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox, past master of Nonquit Grange Tiverton, and Worthy Master Joseph A. Peckham of Aquidneck Grange Middletown, were appointed a Committee to visit the new grange recently formed at Stone Bridge, Whitfredge Hall. Nanaquaket Grange No. 49, and invite them to become a member of Newport County Pomona Grange.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Clarke Peckham of Peckham avenue will observe on Tuesday next the 63d anniversary of their marriage, at their home, "Seven Pines," eleven of their twelve children, who are living, are expected home with their families. The day will be observed informally. Mr. Peckham was 87 in November, and both are in the enjoyment of good health aside from Mr. Peckham's rheumatism.

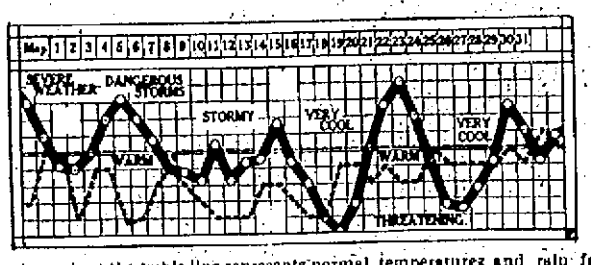
"For Tea You Can't Beat Lipton's"

Give it a Thorough Test.
Try it Alongside the Rest;
You Will Agree That the Best
is

LIPTON'S TEA

Sold Only in Airtight Packages

## WEATHER BULLETIN.




In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rain fall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather features move from west to east.

Temperatures of May will average lower than usual East of a line drawn from Winnipeg to New Orleans. Elsewhere from about to above normal. East of a line drawn from Winnipeg to St Louis dry weather will prevail in May; also dry on coast of Gulf of Mexico. High temperatures May 1st to 8th, 21st to 26th, 29th to June 2nd. Very cool near May 19th to 27th. Severe storms April 29th to May 8th.

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Washington, D. C., May 18, 1911.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent May 21 to 25, warm wave 19 to 24, cool wave 23 to 27. This disturbance will be preceded and followed by unusually cool weather and between the two cool waves unusually warm weather will prevail. Not much rain. The last cool wave will bring some rain near latitude 38 and in the plains states and provinces north of 38.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 26, cross Pacific slope about 27, great central valleys 28 to 30, eastern sections 31. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about May 26, great great central valleys 28, eastern sections 30. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about May 29, great central valleys 31, eastern sections June 2.

This will be a moderate disturbance but temperatures will go to extremes. Rainfall will be about same as for last above described disturbance. Next bulletin will give details of general weather changes for June. Below I give cropweather forecast for June, which will largely determine the crops of 1911. Temperatures of June will average unusually high east of Rockies and lower than usual west of the Rocky ridge, except that near the coast of the Gulf of Mexico and within 200 miles of Washington, D. C., will be cooler than usual.

Rainfall of June will be of immense importance. A great and general drouth will prevail east of Rockies. The exceptions will be Cuba and southern Florida, southern Texas, southwestern Louisiana, parts of Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, spots in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois.

This drouth will be general while the exceptions will be only small sections. The worst part of the drouth will cover north-eastern Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, eastern Missouri, southeastern Iowa and then a broad belt northeastward, including all the northern states, from the Dakotas eastward and all the provinces from Manitoba eastward. I am in doubt about the western provinces west of Manitoba and the states west of the Dakotas. From Des Moines north and west, in the states the drouth will be severe east of Rockies.

This great drouth may begin a little earlier or a little latter than indicated and it may continue well up into July, but large sections will get good rains some time in July. By proper cultivation farmers can pull their crops through this June drouth and where the heavy rains of July strike they will be able to make a good showing up to the last of July.

I have no interest in grain nor in any kind of crops and this forecast is published with no prospect of being in any way beneficial to the writer. I thoroughly believe that the forecast will prove, in a general way, correct. I believe that some of the crops this year, particularly oats, corn, hay, and flax will make short crops in many parts of the northern states and in some parts of the south.

That is the reason that I have advised farmers not to sell their products and for the same reason I have censured the big speculators for putting down the prices of farm products. Those big speculators have bought up immense amounts of those products and will make millions out of the manipulations while the farmers who sold and the consumers who must buy will be the losers. Those big speculators are fighting my work and have caused me to lose some legitimate patronage.

Of the three Democratic candidates for President, Gov. Wilson is the better educated, Gov. Harmon has had the widest experience and Col. Bryan is most familiar with the track.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury

COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak

Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

S241

## The Optimist.

"I'm sorry to hear yo ur mule died," I said to Happy Sam.

"Oh, it's all right, boss," he resignedly, "I ain't got no kick comin." —November Lippincott's.

## Weekly Almanac.

MAY 1911 STANDARD TIME

| | Sun rises | Sun sets | Moon rises | High Morn | water | Eve | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 Sat | 4 18 | 7 3 | 0 47 | 12 13 | | 1 13 | |
| 21 Sun | 4 19 | 7 4 | 1 5 | 1 20 | | 2 03 | |
| 22 Mon | 4 17 | 7 6 | 1 29 | 2 20 | | 2 58 | |
| 23 Tues | 4 16 | 7 8 | 1 51 | 3 20 | | 3 45 | |
| 24 Wed | 4 15 | 7 7 | 2 13 | 4 15 | | 4 32 | |
| 25 Thur | 4 14 | 7 8 | 2 36 | 5 07 | | 5 20 | |
| 26 Frid | 4 14 | 7 9 | 3 1 | 5 55 | | 6 05 | |

New Moon, 28th day, 1h. 21m., morning
First Quarter 5th day, 8h. 11m morning
Full Moon 13d day, 1h. 10 m., morning
Last Quarter, 21th day, 1h., 23m morning

## Marriages.

At St. Mary's rectory, May 18, by Rev. William B Meanor, Gertrude Dorothy McCormick of this city and Charles Cornell, U. S. N.

## Deaths.

In this city, at the residence of her parents, 3 Merchant street, Virginia, daughter of Thomas and Annie M. Winters, aged 1 year and 3 months.

In this city, 15th inst., at her residence, 38 Washington street, Ellen, wife of John Steele.

In this city, 16th inst., Huldah L., daughter of Charles and Margaret Niles, in her 23d year.

In this city, 15th inst., Mary E., widow of George P. Leonard, aged 78 years.

At her home in Newport, Edith Burnet Pomeroy, widow of Charles Coolidge Pomeroy.

At Jamestown, 15th inst., John A. McDonald, aged 61 years.

In Jamestown, 16th inst., Annie E., wife of Robert E. Sherman, aged 30 years.

At 135 East 65th street, suddenly, May 16, Camilla, wife of Milton S. Barger, and daughter of the Colonel and Mrs. Robert W. Leonard.

In Portsmouth, Virginia, 17th inst., Alice Emily, daughter of Henry W. and Ida R. Stratton, and granddaughter of Arthur L. and Alice C. Gilman of this city.

On board U. S. S. Birmingham, May 2, Edward A. Lothrop, U. S. N., in his 50th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to,

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
18 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I
Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887
He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.
Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown for Summer Villas and Country places.

## GENERAL NEWS

Army Officer Who Will Soon Succeed Carter in Texas

Photo by American Press Association.

## WILL SUCCEED CARTER

Grant is to Head Maneuver Division of Army in Texas

Washington, May 18.—Major General Grant soon will succeed Major General Carter as commander of the maneuver division of the army in Texas. The purpose of the war department is to afford an opportunity to command the division to as many general officers of high rank as possible during the maneuvers, which it is said now probably will continue until next winter.

General Carter has done splendid work, the department officials declare, in mobilizing the forces and getting them in condition for the actual field work which is now beginning. The change probably will not be made until conditions in Mexico become less acute than at present.

## PREVENTS A DEFICIT IN STATE TREASURY

### Pothier Vetoes More Than Two Score Appropriation Bills

Providence, May 18.—Governor Pothier exercised the strong arm of the veto power with sweeping effect when he penned his disapproval of more than forty bills, carrying appropriations aggregating $467,674.

The action was anticipated following his declaration to the general assembly in its closing days that unless it provided additional revenue for the state to meet the appropriations he would exercise his prerogative of the veto to prevent a deficit in the state treasury.

Only eighteen bills, amounting to $75,679, received his signature, and this sum can be paid out of the state treasury without the necessity of borrowing money.

## FORTUNE LEFT TO NURSE

Bulk of Duryea's Estate Goes to His Faithful Attendant

New York, May 17.—By the will of Walter E. Duryea, the crippled athlete and broker, filed yesterday afternoon, the bulk of his fortune, estimated at $2,500,000, goes to Miss Eleanor Pearegrine, a trained nurse, who acted as his housekeeper for the last twelve years of his life. Her total share is thought to be worth $1,500,000.

Walter Duryea broke his back in diving, in August, 1899. He spent the rest of his life in a harness, but despite his slender hold on life, managed his affairs with great shrewdness.

## SLAYER OF MRS. FINE

Jury Returns a Verdict of Murder Against Thompson

Providence, May 19.—A verdict of guilty was returned by a jury last night against Clifton F. Thompson, aged 22, a negro, who has been on trial for the murder of Mrs. Minka Fine Jan. 7. The jury was out an hour and forty minutes.

Mrs. Fine, a widow, 68 years old, whose son is a runner at Brown university, was found dead, with her body covered with stab wounds and her head battered in, in her little store.

### Victory For Union Labor

Washington, May 16.—Setting aside the sentences of imprisonment imposed by the supreme court of the District of Columbia, for alleged disobedience to a boycott injunction, the supreme court of the United States held that Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, president, vice president and secretary, respectively, of the American Federation of Labor, had been erroneously sentenced to jail on a charge of contempt of a local court.

### Two French Aviators Killed

Rheims, France, May 19.—A monoplane, carrying Lieutenant Paul Dupuis and Pierre M. Bournique, fell from a height of about 250 feet. Dupuis was killed and his companion so badly injured that he died soon afterward.

### Alleged Slayer Kills Self

Burlington, Vt., May 15.—The shooting affray Sunday at Fort Ethan Allen, in which Private John P. Adair was killed, was completed yesterday with the suicide of Private Martin C. Ellis, who was charged with the crime.

# DIAZ' TERMS ACCEPTABLE

## Mexican President to Resign Before First of June

## ARMISTICE IS AGREED UPON

Belief That Permanent Peace Agreement Will Be Made Within Five Days—Government Affairs Will Be Directed by Madero and De La Barra Until New President Is Elected—Surrender to Insurrectos

Mexico City, May 18.—A general five days' armistice between the revolutionists and the federal government was agreed upon last night at Juarez, to take effect immediately throughout Mexico on receipt of formal authorization from here.

It was signed by Judge Cabarjal, teh federal peace envoy, and Dr. Vasquez Gomez, Jose Pino Suarez and Francisco Madero, Sr., the members of the rebel peace commission.

This is the first general armistice agreed upon since the revolution began last November, and is expected to call a halt upon warfare in central and southern Mexico. It is believed that within five days a permanent peace agreement will be made.

The armistice was decided upon by Provisional President Madero immediately upon the receipt of a dispatch from Mexico City that President Diaz had agreed to resign before the end of the present month.

News of vigorous warfare in central and southern Mexico, which Madero held to be unnecessary in view of the progress made toward a peaceful settlement of the revolt, also induced the rebel chief to act quickly to prevent further loss of life. Both Madero and Cabarjal express the belief that the five days' armistice will be superseded by the signing of a definite peace agreement that will restore Mexico to complete tranquility.

President Diaz and Vice President Corral will resign before June 1 and Minister of Foreign Relations De La Barra will become president ad interim, according to official announcement.

Francisco I. Madero, Jr., the revolutionary leader, will be called to Mexico City to act as De La Barra's chief adviser and to serve as the greatest guarantee possible that every pledge made by the government to end the revolution will be carried out. As viewed by the public it will be virtually a joint presidency pending a new presidential election.

The cabinet will be reorganized. The minister of war will be named by De La Barra. The foreign office will be in charge of a sub-secretary also selected by De La Barra. Other cabinet members will be chosen by De La Barra and Madero acting jointly.

A new election will be called within six months and political amnesty will be recommended to the chamber of deputies.

The foregoing are the conditions on which Diaz will compromise with the rebels. Virtually they are admitted in high quarters to be a complete surrender to the revolutionists.

The resignation of Diaz and the "joint regency" of De La Barra and Madero are said to constitute a guarantee so complete that the original insurrecto demand for fourteen governors no longer need be considered.

### HAS NOTHING TO SAY

Worcester Is Shown Petition Alleging His Unpopularity With Filipinos

Manila, May 19.—Dean C. Worcester, secretary of the interior, has nothing to say respecting the petition to congress signed by many prominent Americans which Representative Slayden of Texas has submitted to the house.

This petition charged that Worcester had become notoriously unpopular among the natives, and Slayden asked for a searching examination of the affairs of the Philippine islands.

Secretary Worcester was about to leave on his annual inspection of the non-Christian tribes in North Luzon, when shown the press dispatches. He declined to comment or discuss the situation in any way.

### HOFFSTET IS ACQUITTED

Jury Finds Banker-Millionaire Not Guilty of Bribery

Pittsburg, May 17.—Frank N. Hoffstet, the banker-millionaire of New York city, was acquitted on the charge of bribery in connection with the bank depository ordinance exposed in the councilmanic graft crusade.

A week ago a jury disagreed in a case of conspiracy against Hoffstet. The bribery case went to the jury late yesterday afternoon and the verdict was returned in little more than an hour.

**Pastor's Son Fatally Burned**

Lawrence, Mass., May 15.—While playing with matches on the front veranda of the family home 4-year-old Nazzun Hydir, son of Rev. Moses Hydir of the local Syrain Protestant church, set fire to a bundle of straw and was burned to death.

**Kaiser to Get Ancient Estate**

Berlin, May 19.—An estate at Lehnin, Brandenburg, notable for the ruins of its Cisterian abbey, founded in the twelfth century, has been purchased by an anonymous buyer for presentation to Emperor William.

### JOSE MADRIZ

Man Who Drove Him From Office Is Now a Refugee

## MADRIZ DIES AS REFUGEE

Former President of Nicaragua Succumbs to Bright's Disease

Mexico City, May 17.—Jose Madriz, ex-president of Nicaragua, and since December a refugee here, is dead of Bright's disease. It is a coincidence that Jose Estrada, who drove Madriz out, is expected here in a few days, himself a refugee. Since leaving Nicaragua Madriz had refused to discuss politics. He left four small children.

When Zelaya was forced to give up the presidency of Nicaragua he named Madriz as his successor, and the latter was elected to that office on Dec. 20, 1909. Madriz sought to have the United States recognize him as the president of Nicaragua, but Secretary Knox informed him that diplomatic relations between the two countries would not be resumed until Madriz could prove his government satisfactory.

# MRS. DODGE UNMOVED WHEN SENTENCED

## Gets Four to Six Years at Hard Labor In Prison

Guildhall, Vt., May 16.—Without showing the least sign of emotion, Mrs. Florence M. Dodge of Lunenburg heard sentence pronounced in the county courthouse here yesterday afternoon, which ordered her sent to the state prison at Windsor, to serve a term of not less than four years nor more than six years at hard labor for the killing of William Heath, a Dalton, N. H., painter, in her home on Sept. 17 last. Mrs. Dodge was convicted of manslaughter last Saturday.

When asked by Judge Hall if she cared to make any statement in connection with the sentence, Mrs. Dodge replied:

"I have nothing further to say than I have said all of the time. I am innocent of this crime."

# GRAND ARMY PARADE WITHOUT JACKIES

## Retaliation For Barring Men From Portsmouth Halls

Portsmouth, N. H., May 19.—Captain Wilner, commanding the Portsmouth navy yard, gives this city another slap through the Grand Army.

The surprise of their life was what Rear Admiral Foster, retired, and Captain Sanborn, both members of the Grand Army post, got when they called on Wilner for the usual detachment of sailors and marines to take part in the Memorial day exercises as has been the custom for nearly fifty years.

Captain Wilner declared that the Grand Army could have none of the enlisted men on that occasion, neither would he appear himself at the exercises, and would have absolutely nothing to do with the ceremony of the day in Portsmouth.

He gave as a reason for this declaration that the enlisted men were refused admittance to dance halls in uniform and that the citizens and city government upheld the managers of these places of amusement.

### FINDS A CRIME WAVE

Third New York Grand Jury to Report Advises Use of Clubs

New York, May 18.—The March grand jury, which has been investigating the reign of lawlessness since March 27, filed a presentment with Judge O'Sullivan in general sessions.

In the presentment the grand jury found that a crime wave exists in New York and suggests that policemen be given more license in using their clubs upon lawless persons.

This is the third grand jury to report on the present crime situation. One of the other two found that a "crime wave" existed and the other decided that it did not.

**King to Honor Playwrights**

London, May 19.—It is reported that Arthur Collins and George Alexander, playwrights, will be knighted during the coronation celebration.

# TWO DECISIONS OF IMPORTANCE

## Massachusetts Supreme Court Disposes of Milk Cases

## WHITE CROSS COMPANY WINS

Not Violating Statute When It Adds Water to Milk Concentrated in Their Vermont Plant, as It Is a Manufactured Product—Court Holds That It Is Not Really Milk—Exceptions of Graustein & Co. Are Overruled

Boston, May 19.—The full bench of the supreme court has decided that under the statutes a milk dealer who takes standard milk, concentrates it by certain formulas, brings it to Boston from another state, adds water to the concentrated product and sells the result as milk, without distinguishing marks, is not liable to a fine. The court was divided in its ruling on the case.

This important decision was made in the case of the Boston White Cross Milk company, which was fined $50 in the superior court for selling milk prepared in just that way under revised laws, chapter 56, section 55, which reads in part:

"Whoever, himself, or by his servant or agent, has in his custody or possession with intent to sell . . . adulterated milk or milk to which water or any foreign substance has been added shall be punished by a fine, etc."

The point raised by the defendant at the trial was that its "concentrated milk" was not milk within the meaning of the statute and the supreme court upholds this contention.

Inspector of Milk Jordan said that he sees no reason why, under this ruling of the court, all milk dealers cannot concentrate their milk in this way, add water from Boston faucets and sell the product as milk.

The Boston White Cross Milk company was indicted for having such milk on sale on June 21, 1909. A few days previous to that date officials of the company told Inspector Jordan that they were selling 500 cans of their milk a day in Boston. By the process of concentration, done in the company's plant at Randolph, Vt., "a milk resulted which looked, tasted, smelled and curdled like cow's milk and could be used for every purpose that cow's milk could be used."

The construction of the statute referred to was the point at issue before the supreme court.

Another decision was made on an appeal from a lower court decision by Graustein & Co., milk dealers, who were found guilty by a jury of having in its possession with intent to sell milk which contained stable sweepings from the cowpen. The company was found guilty and fined $100, and it then appealed. The supreme court upholds the verdict of guilty and the company must pay the fine.

The supreme court says in the Graustein case: "In many cases it would be practically impossible to prove that foreign substances had been purposely added, nor does it make any difference to the consumer in what way it had been added. The intent is to see that impure milk be not sold, irrespective of the question of how or in what way it became impure.

"In view of the history of the legislation on this subject, the emphasis placed by the legislature upon the need of protecting the community from impure milk and the fact that whether the foreign substances gets into the milk through a positive act, intentional or unintentional, or by accident attributable or not to negligence, is entirely immaterial so far as respects the health of the consumer, which is the ultimate thing to be protected. We are of the opinion that the statute is not limited to cases where the foreign substance was added by a previous voluntary act of some person."

### BESSETTE IS ARRESTED

Bank Teller Pleads Not Guilty to Charge of Embezzlement

Woonsocket, R. I., May 16.—Hermengilde Bessette, for ten years teller of the People's Saving bank, who, it is alleged, confessed to being responsible for the shortage of $25,000 in the bank's funds, was arrested last night in North Brookfield, charged with embezzlement.

Bessette was brought to Woonsocket, where he was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. His counsel moved that hearing be continued until May 27, and bail was furnished in the sum of $19,000.

According to the bank officials the teller admitted that he was responsible for the shortage, which was brought about by bad investments.

**Forty-Seven New Postal Banks**

Washington, May 16.—Postmaster General Hitchcock announced the designation of forty-seven additional postal savings depositories, making a total of 176 postal banks since Jan. 3.

**Stimson Is Secretary of War**

Washington, May 17.—Henry L. Stimson of New York was confirmed by the senate to be secretary of war to succeed Jacob M. Dickinson.

**Gift of $25,000 From Carnegie**

London, May 19.—Andrew Carnegie has given $25,000 to equip the medical institute of the university college of London.

**Lords Act on Veto Bill**

London, May 17.—The veto bill was introduced in the house of lords and formally passed its first reading.

# IS ORDERED TO BE DISSOLVED

## Supreme Court Decides Against Standard Oil Company

## CORPORATION IS A MONOPOLY

Built Up on Such Vast Scale as to Be Menace to Commercial Life—Sherman Anti-Trust Law Must Be Executed Regardless of Circumstances—Company Given Six Months to Reorganize to Comply With Law

Washington, May 16.—The supreme court's finding sustains the decision of the lower court, from which the Standard Oil company appealed, and under this decision the giant corporation must be dissolved. The Standard Oil, however, is given six months in which to wind up its affairs.

Justice White, who read the decision, characterized the record of Standard Oil as a "jungle of testimony," a "babel of conflicting views." He declared two main points involving the Standard Oil company were in restraint of trade and creating a monopoly.

The supreme court declared that the Sherman anti-trust act was a wise and good measure; it must be observed in all particulars, said the court. The founders of the Standard Oil company showed a commercial genius unexampled in modern times, but the corporation they have built up is so vast as to be a menace to commercial life, declared White.

"The law is plain," declared the chief justice, "both in restraint of trade and monopoly, and the attempts to monopolize the oil business of the United States.

"There are eighty volumes of testimony in this case, and we do not propose to go into the testimony as to whether there was any wrongdoing or not on the part of the Standard Oil in building up this monopoly.

"It is quite possible that monopoly could have resulted from lawful acts, but the law prohibits monopoly. Whether the acts were lawful or not was not material.

"It is our duty to execute the Sherman anti-trust law regardless of consequences. That duty will never be performed unless now and for all time we look the issue squarely in the face and decide this case according to the law, regardless of what the commercial result may be.

"There are scores of charges of conspiracy, not even one-fourth of which we have had time to analyze. It would be beyond the human mind to take all this vast jungle of evidence and from its confusion decide the case as to whether commercial crime was committed.

"There is only one point on which the contending forces agree. That is the fact that this corporation is a monopoly, or practically a monopoly, of the oil business.

"How masterly its organization is we do not go into at this time.

"At least we believe, however, in dissolving this corporation that far more than thirty days should be allowed it to arrange its business in accordance with the law. This is all the time the lower court has given it. We believe that six months' time should be given it to dissolve and reorganize. With this last modification the decision of the lower court is affirmed."

Justice Harlan dissented from the opinion of the chief justice. His dissenting opinion, however, was to the effect that the opinion was not sweeping enough. Otherwise the decision of the court was unanimous.

The government's case against the Standard Oil company of New Jersey and its subsidiary companies was started when suit was filed against the alleged trust Nov. 15, 1906, in the United States court for the eastern division of the eastern judicial district of Missouri.

From the time that the case was first brought before the courts until its adjudication by the United States supreme court, Frank B. Kellogg and C. A. Severance, attorney generals, have fought out the government's contentions in every court. Owing to the magnitude of the case, and the millions of dollars involved, the attention of the whole world centered on the fight.

On the side of the "trusts," the most brilliant legal talent that could be obtained was provided. Through legal fencing by these men, the government was successfully stopped from bringing the case before the higher court until after three years of delay. The decree of the circuit court was not handed down until Nov. 20, 1909.

When it was announced, the decision was reflected by the slump in the various stock markets throughout the world. The Standard Oil company, however, immediately appealed to the United States supreme court, on writ of error.

The testimony taken in the case covers twenty-eight bound volumes of 1500 printed pages each. Arguments and briefs submitted by counsel on either side number nearly fifty separate volumes of varying length.

**Ex-Governor Chamberlain Dead**

Meriden, Conn., May 16.—Abiram Chamberlain, governor of the state from 1903 to 1905, died at his home here last night, after an illness extending over two years. He leaves a widow and two sons.


Industrial Trust Company,

Capital $3,000,000 Surplus $3,000,000

Deposits in our Participation (Savings) Account made on or before May 15th go on interest from May 1st.

Deposits in this account are under the same Law as all Savings Banks in this State, with all the requirements as to investments and examinations by the Bank Commissioner.

BOARD OF MANAGERS NEWPORT BRANCH

Angus McLeod (Chairman), Henry A. C. Taylor, Cyrus P. Brown, George R. Chase, Otis Everett, Thomas P. Peckham, Frederick P. Garrettson, Peter King.

THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Manager.

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street

The Largest Exclusive

MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE CITY.

You'll find everything in the line here.

Every space of this store devoted to

MILLINERY ONLY

A great stock to select from.

Choice goods at popular prices.

Headquarters for Children's Hats.

SCHREIER'S.

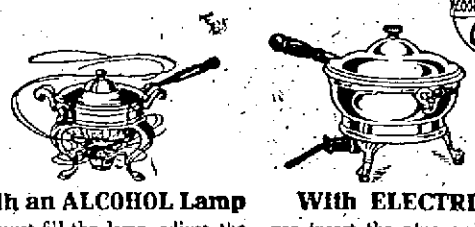
NOTICE.

Having received assurances of the hearty support and cheerful co-operation of my patrons in the half holiday movement, I will close my store at 12 o'clock every THURSDAY during the summer beginning June 1st.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172—176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

USE

Diamond Hill

BIRD

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Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

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A Full Line of all the

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VEGETABLE SEEDS

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Dispensing Optician,

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your heads ache a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Quality's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel. W. G. PECKHAM, Westfield, N. J.

13-17


Willie—Are those Kentucky horses you bought scared of autos? Gillis—No, indeed. They never notice a train, either, but I can't get them used to a sprinkling cart to save my life!—Puck.

### A Modest Poet.

There is a story told of a French poet who inquired of a friend and flatterer what he thought of his last work. "I have arrived at the fifteenth canto," he replied with enthusiasm, "and think there is nothing more beautiful and harmonious in the language."

"Pardon me, there is one thing," said the poet.

"Ah, perhaps you mean Chateaubriand's 'Atala?'"

"Certainly not! I mean my sixteenth canto."

### Busy all the Time.

Little Howard came in the other day, crying and rubbing several bumps caused by a series of "butts" administered by a pet sheep.

"Well, Howard," said his sympathetic auntie, "what did you do when the sheep knocked you down?"

"I didn't do anything. I was getting up all the time."—Delineator.

### Remembrances.

"Did any of your ancestors do things to cause posterity to remember them?"

"I reckon they did," replied Farmer Cornfoosel. "My grandfather put mortgages on this place that ain't paid off yet."—Washington Star.

"Father!"

"Well, what is it?"

"It says here, 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' Is that so, father?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"Well, father, if a good man keeps company with a bad man is the good man bad because he keeps company with the bad man, and is the bad man good because he keeps company with the good man?"—London Punch.

"She asked me to teach her to skate."

"I taught her to skate last winter."

"The deuce! Then she's fooling me."

"Don't take it that way, old fellow. Maybe she thinks she needs a post-graduate course."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Didn't you promise never to do that again?"

"Yes, father."

"And didn't I promise to whale you good if you didn't?"

"Yes, but I broke me promise and won't hold you to yours."—Toledo Blade.

A party of East Indian natives were found sitting in a row on the platform of a station after the train had left, and, being asked the reason, one of the men replied, "Oh, sahib, we are waiting till the tickets are cheaper."

"I told a friend of mine to sing instead of brooding over his troubles."

"Good advice!"

"I don't think so. Every time he gets a little bit worried now everybody in the building has to suffer!"—Washington Star.

He—I know that you love me, dearest.

She—Then I can never marry you.

He—Why not?

"Because I have sworn never to marry a man who knows more than I do."—Boston Transcript.

Mountaineer—Good gracious! the slightest false step and one would be lost here. Guide—Oh, no; you wouldn't be lost. Those who fall here are always found within a fortnight.—Sourire.

At a teacher's conference one of the school principals rose to propose the toast. "Long live the teachers!"

And a meager, pallid assistant instructor in a hollow voice asked, "On what?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Nellie—Hasn't Mr. Felewalley proposed yet? Nora—No, but he has gone as far as to ask what time we have breakfast and whether mother is a good cook.—Exchange.

"What are 'double edged compliments,' ma?"

"The nice things your father and uncle tell me when they come home late nights."—Judge.

Mrs. Styles—I see that aviation hats for women are all the rage.

Mr. Styles—Indeed! And what's the altitude record, please?—Yonkers Statesman.

"So you are sure that your new play will be a success?"

"Certain. Why, even the manager blushed when he read it."—Chicago Tribune.

"We must scale down the amusement of the children"—

"Then make this snowstorm time a sliding scale."—Baltimore American.

"Why was that general pensioned so soon after the maneuvers?" "He came, saw—and the other conquered."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"She seems to be very fond of music."

"Yes, indeed. You'll always find her at the piano when her mother is washing the dishes."—Detroit Free Press.

Nervous Prostration.

"I hear your wife is going to a sanitarium. Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Oh, no. She's secretary of her club."

"Yes?"

"And after carrying the club minutes all season in her head she sat down the other day and tried to write 'em out."—Pittsburg Post.

He Knew.

Mrs. Wedd—John, what do you think of a man who smokes cigarettes in a room where ladies are? Mr. Wedd—I think he needs a wife like you, my dear.—Boston Transcript.

Value of Silence.

"Speech is silver," says the boarding house philosopher, "but silence, rightly used, is what makes golden weddings possible."—Toledo Blade.

Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, and don't daub with sable and gloom your conversation.—Emerson.

Mrs. Chapman Catt, the suffragist leader, had her attention called at a dinner at the Colony club in New York to a stout woman who was very tightly laced.

"Look at her," said Mrs. Chapman Catt's neighbor. "She's passing every dish. She is actually laced too tight to eat."

"Yes," said the other; "it's a case of grace before meat, isn't it?"

## DOCTORING A DIAMOND.

**Trick That Makes a Yellow Stone Appear Clear Blue White.**

"Let me show you a little trick that I would advise you not to put into practice," said a jewel fancier to a number of friends the other day.

The conversation had turned to diamonds during the midday luncheon, and the expert had been holding forth on his favorite subject. The little group of St. Louisans were interested still more when the speaker drew a big solitaire from his finger and beckoned a waiter across the cafe.

"Bring me a glass of water and an indelible pencil," said he when the servitor came over to the table.

"This is a trick that is essentially crooked," said the jewel fancier, "and will get by nine times out of ten even when the examiner is an expert at judging precious stones and detecting trickery. It will make a yellow 'off color' diamond look like a stone of the very first water. Pawnbrokers innumerable have been fooled by this same trick, as it is extremely difficult to detect even with a powerful glass."

The expert took the pencil and allowed the indelible lead to dissolve in the glass of water. In a couple of minutes the water was as blue as indigo water.

"Now watch," said the man who knew the lore of jewels.

He took the ring and dropped it into the glass. Its brilliancy was dimmed by the hazy, bluish water until it looked like a dead stone.

"Now, you noted," said the demonstrator, "that the diamond I placed in there was a bit yellow. It will be a clear bluish white when it comes out of its bath."

At the end of a minute the stone was taken out. The top of the gem was dried with a soft handkerchief and then the ring was waved to and fro for a few moments. It was held up for inspection. Not a gleam of yellow was to be seen. The stone was apparently a magnificent blue white gem that any one would be proud to own and loathe to pledge.

"It is the blue pigment deposited on the back of the stone that has made the difference," said the jewel expert. "The deposit is so filmy that a strong glass cannot detect it. You cannot see it from the rear of the mounting and only a bath of alcohol will remove it. It will stay on the gem for weeks if it is not removed in that way. It used to be a favorite trick of many folks who now and again had to put a diamond into the hands of a pawnbroker.

"The trick is called 'doctoring a stone,' but, as I said in the beginning, I would not advise you to try it. I don't know what the law on such matters is in Missouri, but there are states where a person convicted of such an offense would serve a long penitentiary term for his cleverness."—St. Louis Republic.

How Artificial Furs Are Made.

The raw pieces of pelt are frozen and the skin carefully shaved off, thawed and sent to the tanneries to be made into leather. The frozen fur which remains is allowed to thaw slightly at the bottom, so that a small part of the hair is freed from ice. This thawed portion is then covered with a solution of rubber, which is allowed to set.

The result is that large seamless pieces of fur are obtained much cheaper than those which come with the natural skin. These same artificial furs are said to be more lasting than the real, because they are immune from the attacks of moths.—Paris Nature.

Values.

We have just got the market price of wives doped out, not to a penny, but close enough. The research work came to an end when we put the subject of marriage up to a prominent bachelor.

"I wouldn't give 50 cents for a wife," he asserted.

"But," we asked, "you'd give a counterfeit half dollar for a better half, wouldn't you?"

He acknowledged that he would. So you see, were getting right down to cases.—New York Journal.

The Point of View.

"I suppose your clerks are all Republicans?"

"No," said the merchant. "I hire the best men, irrespective of their politics."

"What a queer way to run a business!" commented the politician.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Only a Decoy.

"I think she will make a very domestic wife. I have been calling on her for several months now and always find her darning one of her father's socks."

"But have you noticed that it is always the same old sock?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

High Finance.

"Why do you keep asking people for change for a dollar and then asking other people to give you a dollar for your change?"

"Well, somebody may make a mistake in change some time. And, believe me, it won't be me!"—New York Journal.

The Secret Test.

"How," the president of the Fat Man's club was asked, "did you prevent fraud among your applicants for membership? Didn't some men try to get in that weren't up to the standard weight?"

"Yes," the portly officer replied, "but it was no use. Applications had to be presented in person at the Polk building, fifth floor. There was no elevator. The applicant climbed the five flights of stairs.

"At the top he met a man who asked, 'Were you looking for the Fat Man's club?'

"'Yes.'

"'The main office is on the first floor,' the man said. 'Your application is rejected. We receive no man who can climb five flights of stairs.'"—Youth's Companion.

## ODORS AND MOISTURE.

**A Scheme That Is Said to Improve the Sense of Smell.**

"The most striking fact connected with my school career," said the prep school graduate, "was a peculiar ability on the part of our commandant to detect the faintest odor of smoke in a room on his daily inspection. The school I attended was of the military variety, and smoking was a rather serious offense. No matter how much a room had been aired or fanned with wet towels previous to the inspection, the offender was always caught.

"After I had received my finishing touches and become a citizen I made so bold as to inquire from what peculiar dispensation of providence the ability was given to detect one molecule of smoke in a hundred cubic feet of pure air. The old boy smiled and, binding me to secrecy, imparted the reason of his wonderful ability. Then he took me to a boy's vacated room and told me to wet my finger and rub my nostrils with it and sniff. Lo and behold, where before there seemed no taint in the atmosphere was now detected that smell of old tobacco smoke! Since then I have taught school myself and have used the trick occasionally, entirely for experimental purposes, however.

"I have also sought the scientific explanation, but with little success. It may, however, be somewhat analogous to the process of tasting. You know, it is impossible to taste anything that is not dissolved in water or is not a liquid itself. So the moisture on the nostrils must carry the small particles of smoke in a more or less damp state to the olfactory nerve ends and thus make the smell more apparent. At least this is the only explanation I have ever found for the phenomenon.

"The same thing can also be used for detecting other odors, and I have found it useful on a number of occasions for this purpose, both in analytical chemistry, when only a small particle of a certain material is available for analysis, and in detecting faint perfume from flowers that are ordinarily quite odorless."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## COUNTING HEADS.

**The First Census Was Taken by Moses in the Wilderness.**

There is a record of a census in China as far back as the year 2042 B. C. and of one in Japan in the last century before Christ. Under the constitution of Solon the citizens of Athens were divided and registered in four classes, according to the amount of their taxable property or income. The Roman census was burdened with more statistics than any of these, however. It had its origin under Servius Tullius, sixth king of Rome, and was an affair of much solemnity. Every citizen had to appear upon the Campus Martius and declare upon oath his name and dwelling and the value of his property under the penalty of having his goods confiscated.

The most ancient statistical record of a census is found in the Bible. The census was taken by Moses in the wilderness, and, as shown by the first chapter of Numbers, the enumeration must have been very simple. "Take ye," says this account, "the sum of all the congregations of the children of Israel, after their families, by the house of their fathers, with the number of their names, every male by their polls; from twenty years old and upward, all that are able to go forth to war in Israel; thou and Aaron shall number them by their armies." This census was an affair that must have been soon over, lasting no longer than one day, being merely a counting of the heads of the fighting men. The women and children and cripples and the old men were not included; "neither were the Levites numbered among them." Those who did stand up to be numbered totaled 603,550.—New York World.

His Bad Break.

"Why on earth do you come to me to borrow money, Billups?" said Harkaway peevishly. "Why don't you go to Jorrocks? He's the prosperous looking member of our set."

"That's just it, Harkaway," said Billups. "Jorrocks looks so very prosperous that I am quite sure he spends every penny he makes, but you, old man—why, you dress like a man who saves his money."

P. S.—He didn't get it.—Harper's Weekly.

It Was His Own.

Shirley Brooks, the famous Punch editor, once met Charles Salaman, the composer. On being introduced to Shirley the composer said:

"I had often and often seen your face, Mr. Brooks, but I never knew to whom it belonged."

"Oh," replied Brooks quickly, "it always belonged to me."

Stronger Than Sympathy.

"I am glad to see, anyhow, that you sympathize with the under dog in this barbarous fight."

"Sympathize with 'im? Gosh, mister, all the money I've got is up on that dawg!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Superlative.

Smith (to member of vested choir)—I hear you've got a new tenor in the choir. What kind of a voice has he—good? Jones—Good? I should say so! It's so good none of the other tenors will speak to him.—Life.

What It May Come To.

Customs Officer—Baby born at home or abroad?

Mother—Abroad.

"Well, ye'll have to pay duty on it."—Life.

A Gift.

"I regard conversation as a gift," remarked the studious woman.

"It usually is," replied Miss Cayenne. "If people had to pay for it there would be much less of it."—Washington Star.

Life is no dream, but life is nothing without its great dreams.

Eddystone Lighthouse.

The Eddystone lighthouse, fourteen miles off Plymouth, England, and exposed to the full fury of the southwestern seas, was built by Winstanley in four seasons. Begun in 1698 and finished in 1700, it was destroyed in the dreadful storm of 1703. The second structure was completed in 1709 and destroyed in 1755, after it had faced the wind and the waves for something over forty-six years. The third tower, finished in 1759 and condemned in 1878, was followed by the present wonderful structure, which since 1882 has been defying the elements while it flashes out over the terrible waters its saving light. Since the brave Winstanley built the first Eddystone lighthouse similar safeguards have sprung up like magic sentinels along all the coasts of all the oceans, and those who sail upon the great deeps of the earth are forewarned and forearmed against the dangers which threaten them.—New York American.

An Effective Prayer.

"Years ago," says a well known actor, "I appeared in an amateur performance of a play that had a distinct religious flavor. The leading player had studied for the ministry and had a deep and sonorous voice. In one of the scenes the lights were supposed to be turned down and a raging storm simulated. The accompanying lines were:

"'O Lord, deliver us from the powers of darkness.'

"The leading man spoke the lines, but darkness didn't follow. He spoke them again, and still the stage was distressingly light. Finally he roared:

"'O Lord, deliver us from the power of darkness and also give that fool gas man sense enough to turn down the lights.'

"The gas lights went down, and the audience roared."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Bible as a Detective.

The Bible was used until quite recent years for the detection of thieves. Dr. Jessopp told in 1882 how there were still persons living who had witnessed the ordeal to which an East Anglican parson subjected his servants when his cash box was missing. He ordered them all into his bedroom and ranged them around the walls. From the center of the ceiling hung the rope used to lower collins into the churchyard graves, wound round a Bible, from the leaves of which projected the church door key. This was sent spinning round, and the one at whom the key pointed when it stopped was proclaimed as the thief. Happily the man thus marked out was able to prove an alibi. But this did not convince the servants that the test was a bad one. They only concluded that the thief was not there.—London Chronicle.

An Unbeliever.

"This here paper says as how they've just discovered the remains of a thirty-five foot saurian in Nevada."

"What in thunder's a saurian?"

"Blamed if I know. I s'pose mebbe it's somethin' like a sardine."

"Huh! You ign'rant chump, they ain't no thirty-five foot sardines."

"Well, there could be the remains of one, couldn't they?"

"Haw-haw! Who'd ever buy a box of them things?"

"Darn you, you're just like all the rest of these here smart guys that are upsettin' religion. I think they is remains of thirty-five foot sardines in Nevada. I got faith to suppose that they is also remains of men big enough to buy 'em by the box an' eat 'em on crackers. You know what you are? You are one of these here atheists!"—New York Journal.

Pyramid of the Sun.

The most colossal structure of prehistoric man in America, known as the pyramid of the sun, is at Teotihuacan, Mexico, not far from the capital. Close to the great pyramid stands the pyramid of the moon, which the builders regarded as the wife of the sun, and surrounding them are nearly 200 mounds of greater or lesser magnitude, which tradition says were crowned by temples and public buildings. Two hundred and sixty-eight steps lead to the summit of the pyramid of the sun, which is 216 feet high. It is 761 feet square at the base, and the summit is 59 by 105 feet.—National Geographic Magazine.

A Real One.

"Is this a problem play?" asked the one night stand critic of the manager.

"It is," replied that worthy.

"And what," asked the critic, "is the special problem presented?"

"How to get money enough into the box office for railroad fares to our next date," said the manager, with pointed brevity.—Baltimore American.

The Other Side.

"It's all very well for the minister to preach from the text, 'Remember Lot's wife,'" said an overworked, discouraged matron, "but I wish he would now give us an encouraging sermon upon the wife's lot."

The Puzzle.

A Boston girl who was watching a farmer milk a cow adjusted her glasses and said, "It is all very plain except that I don't understand how you turn it off."

They Get It.

Nell—Men are such helpless things.

Belle—Yes; they can't even fall in love without a good bit of assistance.—Philadelphia Record.

Most of our riches lie in the ability to check foolish desires.

Wonderful Kindness.

Hatteras—Is Ghivers good pay?

Hanchett—Good pay? Why, once, when his assets were twice as much as his liabilities, he went into bankruptcy so his creditors would get 200 cents on the dollar.—Puck.

The feeble howl with the wolves, bray with the asses and bleat with the sheep.—Roland.


Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and districts to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $15 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost.

BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail prices.*

$8.50 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF SELF-HEALING TIRES A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY $4.80

*The regular retail price of these tires is $8.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 cash with order ($4.55).*

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

NAILS, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.

*DESCRIPTION:* Made in all sizes. Its lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $8.50 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.55 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once; hence this remarkable tire offer.

*IF YOU NEED TIRES* don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

*DO NOT WAIT* but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D," also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.


American and German Firemen.

A Hamburg fireman of distinction who had occasion to visit the United States some years ago returned full of admiration for the splendid way in which American fire companies usually respond to alarms and was of the opinion that the American companies were ready for action more promptly than those in Germany, because the individual units subordinated everything else to the point of leaving quarters at the earliest possible instant, to do which the American fireman at night would slide down the pole partially clad and was indifferent as to his appearance in riding to the scene of the fire so long as he was on the spot to meet the emergency. The European fireman, on the other hand, having had military training, would be inclined to avoid the pole and would walk down the stairs, devoting a few seconds to the adjustment of his garments, and would be prepared to start only when ready to appear before the public in regulation costume.—Consular Reports.

How Cloves Are Cultivated.

Cloves are now cultivated in many tropical regions. A clove tree begins to bear at the age of ten years and continues until it reaches the age of seventy-five years. There are two crops a year, one in June and another in December. The tree is an evergreen and grows from forty to fifty feet high, with large oblong leaves and crimson flowers at the end of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty. The tree belongs to the same botanical order as the guava. The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first white, then light green and at the time of gathering bright red. Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich dark color that proclaims them ready for shipment.—Harper's Weekly.


Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA


An Early Airship.

We are told by Peter Parley, who wrote an eyewitness, that in August, 1835, the airship Eagle was officially advertised to sail from London with government dispatches and passengers for Paris and to establish direct communication between the capitals of Europe. This early type of airship was 160 feet long, fifty feet high and forty feet wide, and she lay in the dockyard of the Aeronautical society in Victoria road, near Kensington gardens, then quite a rural spot. Built to hold an abundant supply of gas, she was covered with oiled lawn and carried a frame seventy-five feet long and seven feet high, with a cabin secured by ropes to the balloon. An immense rudder and wings or fins on each side for purposes of propulsion completed her fittings. The deck was guarded by netting. After all this preparation and advertisement the Eagle never got beyond Victoria road, for Count Lennox and his assistants failed to provide the necessary motive power.—London Standard.

Carrying a Stretcher.

The bearers of a stretcher should be as near the same height as possible. If there is any difference the taller and stronger man should be at the head. A stretcher should be carried by the hands or suspended by straps from the shoulders. Never carry a stretcher when loaded upon the shoulders. It frightens the patient, and he might fall off very easily, especially if one of the bearers should stumble. The bearers should not keep step, but break step, the one in front starting off with his right foot and the one behind with his left. The injured should be carried feet first. In going up a hill or upstairs the head should be in front and the reverse in descending, except in case of a broken thigh or leg, when the feet should be first in going up and last in coming down to keep the weight of the body off the injured limb.—"First Aid to the Injured," Dr. H. H. Hartung, in National Magazine.

The Real Truth.

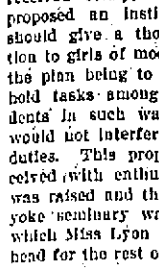
The truth about mothers-in-law is that they have kept many a son-in-law from having to work for a living.—Galveston News.

## THE HALL OF FAME.

MARY LYON—Forerunner of higher education for women. Born Buckland, Mass., Feb. 28, 1797; died South Hadley, Mass., on March 5, 1849. She was a teacher for many years and in 1830 conceived the idea of a permanent seminary for girls. This was received coldly, and she next proposed an institution which should give a thorough education to girls of moderate means, the plan being to divide household tasks among all the students in such ways that they would not interfere with school duties. This proposal was received with enthusiasm, money was raised and the Mount Holyoke seminary was started, of which Miss Lyon was made the head for the rest of her life.

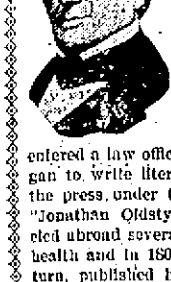
## THE HALL OF FAME.

WASHINGTON IRVING—American historian, essayist and novelist. Born New York, April 3, 1783; died Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1859. His father was an Englishman. When quite young Irving entered a law office, but soon began to write literary squibs for the press under the pseudonym "Jonathan Oldstyle." He traveled abroad several years for his health and in 1809, after his return, published his "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," a whimsical narrative which at once made him famous.



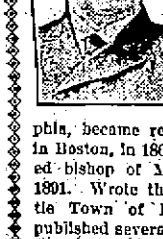
## THE HALL OF FAME.

PHILLIPS BROOKS—Noted bishop and pulpit orator. Born Boston Dec. 13, 1835; died there Jan. 23, 1893. Educated at Harvard and at the Alexandria (Va.) Theological seminary. Was rector of two churches in Philadelphia, became rector of Trinity, in Boston, in 1869 and was elected bishop of Massachusetts in 1891. Wrote the hymn "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and published several volumes of lectures and sermons.



## THE HALL OF FAME.

ASA GRAY—Eminent botanist. Born Paris, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1810; died Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 30, 1888. He graduated from a medical college in 1831, but soon abandoned his profession to study botany. Was appointed botanist of the Wilkes expedition in 1834, but resigned in 1837 and traveled in Europe. In 1842 made Fisher professor of natural history in Harvard and retained the chair till 1873. His great work was the "Flora of North America," and this established his place as the foremost American botanist.



## THE HALL OF FAME.

ELI WHITNEY—Inventor of the cotton gin. Born Westborough, Mass., Dec. 8, 1765; died New Haven, Conn., Jan. 8, 1825. Graduated from Yale and went to Georgia as a teacher, where he found a generous patron in the widow of General Nathanael Greene. While here he was asked to devise a means to separate cotton from the seed and set to work, making his own tools. His gin revolutionized the cotton industry

Jack—Do you believe that women always demand the last word?

Tom—Not invariably. Last night I told my girl I wasn't worthy of her and she remained silent.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

## Amazing Linguists.

An amusing incident happened in one of the higher schools in France a few years ago. A certain deputy of great influence went to the minister of public instruction and asked a place as schoolteacher for one of his constituents. The minister said the only place vacant was that of teacher of Spanish. The deputy told his friend this and remarked that it was a pity he did not know Spanish. To which the peasant replied:

"Spanish? Why, Spanish is my specialty! I shall be glad to take the professorship."

So he was appointed. He bought a Spanish grammar and began teaching it to his pupils, doing his best to keep a lesson ahead of the class. But it was pretty poor Spanish he was teaching, and he was very well aware of this.

Everything went along smoothly, and the end of the term approached when the class was to be examined by a severe and exacting professor from the university. The teacher trembled in his shoes as the dread day drew near. The day came and with it the examining professor. The seated teacher put his class through its paces, painfully conscious that Cervantes would never recognized as Spanish the language the pupils were speaking. The grim professor listened in impassive silence. Then he asked a few questions and gave the members of the class a few sentences to translate into Spanish. As his pupils answered the teacher felt that he might as well hand in his resignation. But when all was over the professor congratulated him on his on his success and the class and the rapid progress it had made.

The professor did not know a word of Spanish!

Emanuel Arene used to tell the following story: A certain Marseillaise boasted so long of his knowledge of Arabic that at last he came to believe he knew it. One day an Arab was arraigned in a Marseilles police court on a charge of murder. He began to speak in his own defense, but as no one there could understand a word he said the judge demanded an interpreter. The boaster was sent for and told to interpret what the Arab said. He listened gravely to the man's defense. Then he turned to the court and said:

"He confesses everything."

And as the Arab was found guilty.—New York World.

## Playing A Witness.

Two famous cross examiners at the Irish bar, says Frances L. Wellman in "The Art of Cross Examination," were Sergeant Sullivan, afterward master of the rolls in Ireland, and Sergeant Armstrong. Barry O'Brien in his "Life of Lord Russell" describes their methods with perjured witnesses.

"Sullivan," he says, "approached the witness quite in a friendly way, seemed to be an impartial inquirer seeking information, looked surprised at what the witness said, appeared even grateful for the additional light thrown on the case.

"'Ah, indeed! Well, as you have said so much perhaps you can help us a little further. Well, really, my lord, this is a very intelligent man.'

"So playing the witness with caution and skill, drawing him stealthily on, keeping him completely in the dark about the real point of attack, the little sergeant waited until the man was in the meshes and then flew at him and shook him as a terrier would a rat.

"The big sergeant (Armstrong) had more humor and more power, but less dexterity and resource. His great weapon was ridicule. He laughed at the witness and made everybody else laugh. The witness got confused and lost his temper, and then Armstrong pounded him like a champion in the ring."

## Ten Kinds Of Money.

Uncle Sam officially has ten kinds of money—gold coins, standard silver dollars, subsidiary silver, gold certificates, silver certificates, treasury (1890) notes, United States (greenbacks) notes, national bank notes, nickel coins, and bronze coins—says the Indianapolis News. While some of this paper currency is not legal tender, minor coins are legal tender in small amount. Legal tender is so called because in payment of a debt or obligation of any kind it can be forced on the creditor in full of all demand."

Gold certificates, silver certificates and national bank notes, despite the enormous quantity in circulation, are not legal tender. So far as silver coin is concerned, only $10 worth of "halves," "quarters" and "dimes" are legal tender, and, as to nickel and copper coins, only 25 cents can be forced on the creditor. However, with the standard silver dollar there is no limit to the amount to be paid in liquidation of a claim. The creditor can refuse the silver certificate, but when it comes to the "dollar of the daddy" the dollar must be received at its face value, even if a thousand weigh 68.92 pounds.

## Youthful Pangs Of Hunger.

There's a youngster in Boston whose appetite is a constant source of amazement to his family and relatives.

On one occasion this lad was taken to spend the day with an uncle in the suburbs. At dinner he ate so much that finally it became actually necessary to forbid him to eat any more. Later, when the family were taking their ease on the porch, the irrepressible William pulled something from his pocket and began gnawing it.

"What have you there?" demanded his father.

"Only a dog-biscuit," came in apologetic tone from Willie.

"Where did you get it?"

"I knew I'd be hungry before I got home," explained the lad, "so I took it away from Fido."—April Lippincott's.

## The Mystic Seven.

The Rossel Islanders in New Guinea hold the number 7 in great awe. A native policeman when asked what the numerals in the local dialect were "gave them readily enough, but hesitated at the number 7. You might not always say that number, he explained—sometimes it brought on thunderstorms if you did. And you must never say it at all when you went to Adele island to get cocoanuts or fish, because the most frightful results would undoubtedly follow." Miss Grimshaw vouches for the superstition in her book on "The New New Guinea."

## Relief.

Mrs. Snoozer—Henry, the alarm clock has just gone off.

Snoozer—Thank goodness! I hope the thing'll never come back.—Exchange.

## A Glimpse of Real War.

A terribly vivid picture of a real battle, as seen by a woman, is incorporated in Anne Dana's short story, "Stockings and Pumps," in the November Lippincott's. The battle was Monocacy, which was waged, around an old southern homestead, the occupants of which were forced to take refuge in the cellar.

"At 4.20 came the raucous, wolfish, tantalizing, triumphant 'rebel yell,' and I knew that our side had won. General Gordon had commanded the battle from this point, and at 4.30 he came himself to help us up the stone steps, over pools of fresh blood, and between writhing or quiet forms, the blue and the gray, into the house. The ruined lawn, the road in front as far as the eye could see, the porches and the lower rooms of the mansion, were filled with the dead or dying. The general set us all to work giving water to the wounded, for in gunshot wounds the pain itself is not so tormenting as the thirst. At six the living and unbroken bivouacked. Kitchen, storeroom, and dining-room were in ruins, but some coarse food was hastily prepared at the negro quarters, and the general and his staff ate with us. Mr. Jamieson had discreetly joined his black contingent in the woods. Old mammy objected to eating and drinking under such conditions. 'Oh, Miss Clara,' she wailed, 'don't eat. Pray, child, pray! I've been praying all day, and her doughty intellect, 'and my prayers had been answered. And now I want food—so get to work.'

"A poor fellow came in and begged a pillow for his brother, who was dying outside. He thought he could die easier with his head on a pillow. 'I'm the last of six,' he said, 'and I don't know how I am going back to South Carolina to tell my old mother.' On our way to bed we found a sharpshooter at the head of the stairs, dead. He was in blue. And all night long there came horrid sounds from the rooms and the halls below—men babbling with fever, or groaning with pain, or praying, or calling for sweetheart, wife, or mother. A tenor voice kept singing over and over, softly but triumphantly, 'When Johnny comes marching home again,' in lower and lower tones, until we divined that Johnny had marched home.

"Outside, a little distance away, the surgeons were plying their savage merciful trade, and there were screams of agony while probe or saw did its terrible work. We were huddled three in a bed, and shaking with excitement and terror and fatigue, but we could not sleep, until Peggy arose and solemnly handed us each a piece of white beeswax, which we softened and put in our ears; and so, plugged to silence, we slept at last."

## London Street Cries.

London must have been a lively city in the days when the street crier joined in competition with the bell of the postman and the muffin man. The boy who goes round the streets with the cry of "Hot spils!" still lingers in the outer suburbs, but the old street crier has long been silent in the land.

Some of the ancient cries have been collected by Frederick W. Hackwood in his book, "The Good Old Times." They include "Cherry Ripe, O!" "Baking or Boiling Apples!" "Green hastings" (these were early peas); "Lavender, sweet lavender, six bunches a penny," or perhaps "Rabbits, wild rabbits," and when there was a good catch of fish it might be "Mackerel, O!" or "Herrings, alive, all alive!"

"Some of the cries," writes Mr. Hackwood, "would sound strange to the ear now, as 'Bandboxes,' 'Baskets,' 'Buy a broom,' 'Hair brooms,' 'Hot spiced gingerbread,' 'Brick dust,' 'Sand, O!' 'Bellows to mend,' 'Chairs to mend,' 'Bill of the play.' More familiar perhaps were 'Old clothes,' 'Cats and dogs' meat' and 'Dust O!'

"Now we are reduced to little more than the shriek and howl which are supposed to represent milk and coals."—London Chronicle.

## Canine Humor.

I generally find, writes a well known English scientist, that mongrel dogs when they happen to be sociable have a keen sense of humor. An aristocratic dog with a pedigree may have some inherited smartness, but has no originality. A common yellow dog with no ancestry to speak of, who has to gain his living by his wits, could give him cards and spades at his own tricks in two lessons.

Once I took into the house out of pity a mongrel dog who insisted on installing himself at my door-step and always came back, no matter how often he was chased away. I had at that time a pedigreed water spaniel, and I tried to teach him some tricks when I took him out along a quiet road at times. The yellow dog, who made friends with him, always came along and beat the water spaniel at his own tricks without training. Then he began to play tricks of his own on the spaniel. When he had a bone he looked out for his comrade, and when he saw him loping along he would lay the bone in his path and disappear. The spaniel always made for the bone, but the yellow dog, just as he was about to grab it, would dart from his hiding place and, seizing it, run off with it. This happened over and over again, but the high bred spaniel never tumbled to the joke.—New York World.

## Beauty and the Beast.

A well known churchman was visiting New York, accompanied by his wife, who is as beautiful as her life mate is homely. They were walking down Broadway one afternoon, and the pair attracted much attention. One of two young "sports," evidently thinking to attract the favorable attention of the churchman's wife, in an audible aside remarked that it was another case of "the beauty and the beast." Quick as a wink the husband turned and, as he swung his right to the speaker's jaw, scoring a knockout, said, "I am a man of peace, but I never allow any one to call my wife a beast."

## A Cool Soldier.

A French grenadier who was exasperated at some injustice that had been done him by a field marshal pointed his pistol at the marshal and pulled the trigger, but it did not go off. Without moving a muscle the veteran cried 'Four days in the cells for keeping your arms in a bad state!"

## The Climax.

"How did your act take, amateur night?"

"Great! When I sang the first verse they yelled 'Fine!' and when I sang the next they yelled 'Imprisonment!'"—Baltimore Sun.

## Argument.

A great many people firmly believe that the sun rises in the morning and sets in the evening. Indeed, so fixed are they in this opinion, that it is practically impossible to convince them otherwise.

The mere fact that they entertain such a belief would be of no consequence in itself, were it not generally true that these people, as a rule, are worthy people, and in other respects all right. It is extremely difficult to understand how people otherwise so intelligent should entertain such opinions. A moment's thought would convince them otherwise.

To assert, for example, that the sun rises in the East, would be to imply that there is an East. The term "East," however, is purely relative. It differs with the individual, and is not a fixed quantity. It has no objective value, and proceeds from an illusion of the mind.

The same thing is true of the word "place." The sun can no more rise than it can set. A hen sets, but the sun never does. A little thought will enable the simplest mind to see this antinomy.

We could easily go on and demonstrate that there is no sun at all.

We are, however, lenient. We are broad and charitable in our views. We do not believe, on general principles, in making even the simplest and crudest minds too uncomfortable. They are happier for having some illusions left.

Nothing, in an argument, is more effective than ridicule. That is why it is introduced at this point.—Thomas L. Masson in March Lippincott's.

## Last of the Yaquis.

All the world has heard of the famous Yaqui Indians of the state of Sonora, Mexico. They are for the most part dwellers in the hills, crudely armed with primitive weapons, but terrible fighters with have more than once decisively beaten the soldiers of Mexico.

Peaceable when undisturbed, fully alive to the richness of their mines and the value of their fertile valleys, they sought only to defend that which was theirs from the grasping hands of those who desired their mines and their lands. Like most aborigines, however, they were doomed from the first. What was at the time of Cortes a tribe of 5,000 strong, able to defy the warriors of Montezuma, has dwindled until there are now not more than 500 souls in the valley of the Yaqui river and in the mountain gorges which wall in the source of this stream.

The bulk of the Yaquis have been wiped out in sanguinary wars or taken prisoners and shot, and those for whom no excuse for death could be found have been deported to the fever stricken vales of Yucatan. The Yaquis as a race are no more, but their passing has been made complete only during the past few years.—Wide World Magazine.

## Folks.

We are all striving to rise above the condition of mere folks. That's what we what are doing when we spend hours with tailors and dressmakers, when we scramble for titles, offices, culture, wealth, honor, fame and, finally, for an extra long line of carriages leading up to a mammoth tombstone.

But it can't be done. Pigs is pigs. Monkeys is monkeys. Folks is folks. We look upon the picture of some proud leader of fashion of the past, and we laugh—laugh at them all. We may head a parade down fifth Avenue, only to go home and be scolded by our wife for not paying mailed a letter. We may have made our pen fit the complicated look of literature, only, to be taunted by a bill collector for being asked to call again. We may think we have reached the pinnacle where we can annex the appelation "superman," only to be compelled to give references to the elusive cook at the employment agency.

Folks is folks. Novels may be written about noblemen. Utopias may be devised by idealists. Some great name may be invested with all the beatific qualities of a deity, but when we get up close, take the Honorable Sosandso's by the hand, and look them in the eye, we find they are all folks, just folks.—Ellis O. Jones in July Lippincott's.

## On the Limited.

The merciless heat made the passengers gasp as the Limited plowed its way steadily across the Western plains. Dreary, monotonous, was the vista of sand and scrub which greeted the eyes of the wearied travellers. To add to their discomfort, above the muffled roar of the train arose the continuous wailing of a child. More than one man cursed softly and sought refuge in another car—all, as it happened, crowded. Finally a harsh-looking passenger spoke

"Why don't you keep that brat quiet?" he snapped.

The mother, a forlorn-looking woman clad in rusty black, looked pathetically up at him. "I've been trying to," she faltered. "But, you see, the heat and the long journey—"

A new expression stole over the harsh-looking passenger's face. "Give it to me," he said in a tone of marvellous gentleness; and the poor mother placed the fretful baby in his arms.

Whereupon he threw the child out of the window.

Sold again.—Lippincott's.

## The Man of Leisure.

Most of our rich men work very hard—not always because they want to, but in many instances because they have to. The husbandry of a big estate in itself may be a task for the whole of the time and thought, not of one man, but of several. As a general thing it is fair to say that our only man of leisure is the tramp. The social parish, the mutineer against the rule of work, is the only one who can be sure of a care free, sybaritic existence, and even he lives in constant danger of rock salt from the farmer's gun or the onslaught of the watchdog around the corner as the hobo knocks at the kitchen door or pauses at the water trough to drink. The poor tramp is certainly a more frequent social phenomenon than the rich one.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"So the angels have brought your mamma a new baby from heaven?"

"Yessom, mamma's got a new baby. But I don't fink it came f'm Heaven. She gets all her things f'm Paris."—Cleveland Leader.

"What did that woman do when her pet dog jumped on you and bit you?"

"She gave me a very reproachful look," replied Plodding Pete, "and then she ordered the dog's valet to give it a bath."—Washington Star.

## Ample Apology.

There is in Congress a Western Representative of Celtic origin, who has more than once "stirred up the animals" by his propensity to bait the opposition.

On one occasion he rose to denounce the statements made in a speech that had been delivered by a member of the other party. His impetuosity led him to phrase his remarks rather strongly.

"Order, order!" exclaimed the Speaker, pounding with his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two, did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to order.

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy did not wish him to be put out of the debate, so they hinted to my tugging vigorously at his coat-tails.

Now, it is a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save to the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-humored member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Parthian dart:

"I obey the ruling of the House, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe!"

That one touch of Irish oratory took the whole house by storm.—November Lippincott's.

## Testing A Picture.

An interesting story is told of Jacques Tissot, the great French painter. While in England he painted a beautiful religious picture and, meeting a countrywoman, asked her opinion of his work. "It's a cuel d'oeuvre," she replied, giving a remarkably just and detailed appreciation of the various merits of the really splendid painting.

"Are you satisfied?" asked a friend, Tissot answered in the negative. He entirely repainted his picture, working night and day.

When finished he sent again for his fair critic, who pronounced it admirable and remained silently admiring it with smiling criticism.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the friend again when the lady had departed. "No," replied the artist, and he set work for the third time.

When the Parisienne saw the new painting she gazed at it for some moments with evident emotion and then without a word sank softly to her knees and began to pray.

"Are you satisfied now?" whispered the friend, and Tissot said "Yes."—London Saturday Review.

## Initiating The Cub.

Now, when a tyro goes to work in a machine shop he is sent to the tool room for a left handed monkey wrench. A foundry wag will send the new boy in search of "core holes." A printer's devil is sent to the typefounders with a wheelbarrow for a hair space. Humorists in certain Kansas City banks have a revised code, says the Times of that city.

Here are six things the beginner probably will be required to seek—at drug stores, in stationery shops, even at at the county courthouse, where one trustful youth went the other day to inquire diligently for a "spoed ball" to assist him in his work.

There is the "speed ball" then, and there is the "check stretcher," presumably used to increase the size of checks that do not conform to the filing cases; the "discount board," supposed to be checkered in a manner to facilitate the handling of discounted paper; the "clearing house key," in search for which half a day easily may be consumed, and for the red and black lines that he artistically on the fair pages what could be more appropriate than "striped ink," and feet the ink becomes too thick should not an "ink strainer" be procured?

Ask the new boy.

## The Sara-Kabbah Fashion.

The Sara-Kabbah people of central Africa adopt the hideous fashion of wearing large wooden disks in the lips, the one in the upper lip about three inches in diameter and that in the lower six inches. "These ornaments," says Mr. Karl W. Kumm in "From Hausaland to Egypt," "restrain the wearers from prolonged conversation. One of the chiefs, when I asked him the reason why they disfigured their women, informed me that their forefathers had developed this habit in order that the women might exercise no attractions for the Moslem slave raiders."

"He's uncouth."

"What's the matter?"

"He actually eats the lettuce leaf the salad rests on."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the World. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

"Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch of the rang'd Empire fall" said Marc Antony, rooting against himself—and a little while later Marc was a Used-to-Was!

Relief from Sick Headache, Drowsiness, Nausea, Dizziness, Pain in the Side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. These complaints are nearly always caused by torpid liver and constipated bowels. Restore these organs to their proper functions and the trouble ceases. Carter's Little Liver Pills will do this every time. One pill is a dose. Don't forget this. Price 25 cents.

The day may be drear and bleak, and gray—but the Pansies will be making their grinning little faces at us before we know it.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

That good horse, Endurance, never yet ran for the End Book!

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill

After all, the most that's asked of us is simply that we Behave!

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

## Work of Locomotive Fireman.

To a husky young man shoveling twenty tons of coal a day may not sound like a terrible undertaking, but that is because he fails to appreciate the difference between shoveling that quantity in the course of a ten hour day, standing on a steady footing and pausing for a moment whenever he feels like it to gaze at the scenery or light a cigarette and trying to keep his balance on a jolting, jerking, plunging steel deck which tries cearefully to pitch him head first into the side of the cab, while with legs spread wide apart he bumps over a scoop shovel, working with frantic energy to get coal into the firebox fast enough to keep steam up. While the engine is running the fireman must be straddled out on the deck, working continually to the limit of his strength, for ordinarily he will have to get from two and a half to three tons of coal into the firebox every hour. Three and a half tons is generally regarded as the limit of a fireman's capacity, but this has been greatly exceeded on the fastest trains.—Technical World Magazine.

## The First Astor.

John Jacob Astor was born in the little village of Waldorf, in Germany, in 1763, just as France at the close of the Seven Years' war was ceding Canada to England. He sailed to our side of the Atlantic in 1783, when George III, in the treaty of Paris was acknowledging our independence and when the merchants of Montreal were establishing the Northwest company.

He became a fur dealer, gradually gained control of the trade south of Lakes Huron and Superior, except that which was in the hands of the Mackinaw company, and won a reputation as a daring and resourceful operator, which made his name known in Montreal, St. Louis, London and Canton.

He had a dozen vessels afloat, representing a capital of $1,000,000, carrying furs to England and China in 1800, and at the time that the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 pushed our boundary to the Rocky mountains he was the wealthiest and most successful merchant in the United States.—North American Review.

## Liberty vs. Greens.

A colored man from Georgia had lived in Washington but a few days when he was arrested for some slight violation of the city ordinances. Upon hearing that the negro was in jail, the secretary of the colored Y. M. C. A. secured the services of a minister to go with him and sign the prisoner's bail-bond. They reached the jail shortly before noon, and told the negro the object of their visit. In response to the proffered kindness he said:

"Affidah Jubusing, I sho is glad you all is gwine tah git me out, but I wants you-all to fix it so I can't git out tell late dis evenin'."

Of course the two Samaritans were somewhat taken aback by this unusual request. But a moment later they lost their breath when, in answer to the secretary's question, the Georgia negro replied in a whisper:

"Well, sah, dey's a-gittin' dinnah ready, an' dey's cookin' greens; an' I sho would like to git some o' dem, befo' I leaves dis place!—Lippincott's.

## Jack Robinson.

A. Foxton Ferguson of Oxford university, speaking of the old time ballads, said that at most of the public executions took place in some park or market place, where everybody could be present, the onlookers oftentimes amused themselves by singing ballads giving the entire history of the victim, and this is the reason why so many of the old songs are concerned with the hangman and the gallows tree. Particularly interesting also was his description of the origin of the expression "quicker than you can say Jack Robinson," heard so often in both England and America. It came, he said, from an old ballad about a sailor named Jack Robinson, who returned to Portsmouth, England, to find his old sweetheart married to another. The poor sailor vowed that he would roam the seas forever, which he set out to do hardly before his friends realized what he was doing. They called after him, but he had gone.

## Trouble With The Tower.

Among the engravings that adorned the walls of a Toledo woman's home was one big one of the leaning tower of Pisa.

One morning, shortly after the advent of a new maid, the mistress of the house noticed that the picture of the tower hung crooked. She straightened it, and said nothing of the matter to the new servant, who had evidently shifted it while dusting.

The next day the picture was again crooked: the same thing happened the next day, and the next. Finally, one morning, chancing to be in the room where the picture was, the mistress said to the maid, as she dusted:

"Mary you've hung that picture of the tower crooked. Just look at it!"

"That's what I say mum," returned the domestic, "look at it! The only way I can git that blamed tower to hang is to hang the picture crooked."—March Lippincott's.

## A Successful Sump Speaker.

John Kendrick Bangs, the author, who spends so much of his time at his home on the Maine coast that he has become a citizen of that State, took part in last year's political campaign, and had many interesting experiences on the stump. He admits that in one instance the joke was on him.

At this particular meeting he was the third speaker, following two local spellbinders to whom the crowd listened patiently in anticipation of the "big gun" of the occasion.

The evening was warm, and while the second speaker was holding forth a fat member of the band, occupying a seat directly in front of the stage, yielded to the somniferous influences and snored loudly.

"That's one on you," chuckled Mr. Bangs to his fellow orator, as the latter closed his peroration and retired to his seat at the rear of the stage. "Now watch me wake him up!"

Sure enough, scarcely was Mr. Bangs well under way before the fat man opened his eyes, stared wildly for an instant—and bolted for the door!—November Lippincott's.

## Grant's Memoirs.

More than $600,000 in royalties was paid Mrs. U. S. Grant from the sale of the "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant."

# Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1911.

### NOTES.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
FROM THE NEWPORT MERCURY, MARCH 18, 1769.

These are to desire all persons who are indebted to the estate of Henry Hooper, late of Newport, also to the estate of William Bennet, late of said Newport, deceased, to make speedy payment, in order that the money may be appropriated according to law, the subscriber being executor to the former, and administrator to the latter. The subscriber, and Mr. Jonathan Weeden, shop keepers in company, desire all persons indebted to them (and have had nothing charged on book since the 18th of June last, from which they begun a new set of books) to come and settle; and if not in a capacity to pay, to give their note or bond, to prevent the trouble of transfering their accounts into the new books. Said Weeden and the Subscriber, has a good assortment of goods to sell cheap, at their shop in Thames-street fronting the Point Bridge, and will be glad to supply their customers for cash or credit. They will sell goods for lawful money, and of last May date will allow the interest.

JOB BENNETT JUN.

TO BE SOLD BY.
ANDREW HUNTER OF NEWPORT,

Figs, raisins by the cask, olives by the keg, Lisbon lemons by the box, and oranges by the barrel.

Newport, February 27, 1769

Intending to depart the colony in about two months from the date hereof, desires all persons who have any demands against him, to bring in their accounts, in order to receive satisfaction. Those who are indebted to him, are desired to discharge the same, which will prevent trouble.

BENJ. HICKS.

To be sold by
JAMES BROOKS
(At the sign of William Pitt.)

Choice Madeira and Vidonia wine by the gallon, at the lowest price.

FREELOVE EASTON.

in Thames street, next door to Mr. Joseph Tillinghast, Distiller.

Intends to open a school, and proposes to teach reading, sewing, marking, irish stitch, queen stitch and knitting.

RICHARDS & CODDINGTON'S Partnership will expire the last day of April next.

They desire all persons who have any demands against them, to bring in their accounts; and those who are indebted to them, are desired to settle as soon as possible.

To be sold by
EDWARD SCOTT,

A choice parcel of garlets, tandems, camblicks, cotton checks, &c., newly imported. Some of the goods being damaged; a proper allowance will be made to the buyer.

To be sold by
ANDREW HEATLEY, in Newport,

A quantity of Crown glass, of the different sizes, by the box or half box; crate glass, English oakum, and the remains of several cargoes of English goods, cheap for cash, or to a good person, upon credit.

TO BE SOLD FOR CASH OR GOOD SECURITY.

A negro wench, capable of doing any kind of household work. She has a child about a year old,——. The child may be had with the mother, for which no consideration will be required. A good master may have her on reasonable terms, as she truly merits one, having many good qualifications to recommend her. Enquire at the Printing-Office.

To be let on the point in Newport by
BENJAMIN JEFFERSON,

A Large handsome dwelling house, with a garden and other conveniences belonging thereto. Also to be let with the house, three meadow lots near the same.

Made and Sold by
SHERBURNE and NEWBON,

At their shop on the Long wharf. The following tools, which may be depented upon will prove good, Viz.

All sorts of Cooper's, ship and house carpenters tools, and narrow axes. Country gentlemen may be supply'd with any of the above, immediately after application.

For Philadelphia.

The sloop Hanover, now lying at Col. Malbones wharf. Will in a short time. For freight or passage, apply to Stephen Wanton.

To be let by
JOB ALMY of TIVERTON, ESQ;

All his lands in Little Compton, with two dwelling houses, two stables, and two orchards thereon; Also all his lands in Tiverton, with the buildings thereon: Likewise all his land in Portsmouth on Rhode Island, and a large dwelling house in the Main street, near the Court House, in Newport, with eight fire rooms, a good large cellar the bigness of the house, and a good stable, garden, and yard belonging thereto, now occupy'd by Charles Andrew Wigneron, and very convenient for a gentleman with a large family, or for a house of public entertainment. Any person inclining to hire any of the aforesaid premises, may apply to the said Almy, and know further. The particulars relating to the dwelling house in town may be known, by inquiring of Capt. Job Snell.—E. M. T.

### QUERIES.

6701. NICHOLS—I want to have correspondence with some one who knows something of the early Nichols family of Rhode Island. Where are the family papers? Who knows of the relationship to Ityd Nichols of county Glamorgan, Wales? Is there a will on file of Edmund Nichols who died at Newport in 1710. Does the name of Ityd appear in the family in R. I. other than Edmund's son? Who has a copy of the Welsh burgage lease that the family held anciently in Glamorgan. What traditions of ancestry, seamanship, and cavalier warriors have come down to this century? And does any one know of the record and services of two old ships of the era before 1725, called the Landoff and the Landwit?—L. N. N.

6702. HAMMOND—Noah Hammond, born at Newton, Mass., February 14, 1718, (son of Isaac and Mary Chamberlain Hammond) removed to New London county, Conn., in childhood, married there about 1740, and late in life removed to Brookhaven, Long Island, where he died, November 14, 1774. I should like the name of his wife, her parentage, and the dates of the marriage.

Amariah Hammond (brother of Noah), born at Newton, Mass., April 18, 1719, married in Connecticut, and settled in Litchfield county. I would like the records of marriage, name and parentage of his wife, and the record of births of his children.

Isaac Hammond (brother of Noah), born in New London county, Conn., married and probably settled in Litchfield county. I would like anything relating to his family and descendants. He had a son, Isaac, born in 1756, who was a physician and died in Litchfield, Conn., August 4, 1851, aged 98 years.

Ethan Hammond, born in New London county, Conn., (brother of Noah), July 18, 1725, was later in Boston, Mass., and probably went to Vermont. Would like any information relating to his family.—R. P.

6703. FENN—Who were the ancestors of Edward Fenn, who was admitted a planter of the town of Wallingford, Conn., Dec. 28, 1687? Married Nov. 15, 1688, Mary daughter of "Sergeant" Samuel Tharp. She died July 24, 1725. His 2d. wife, to whom he was married Jan. 26, 1726, was Abigail Williams. His will, proved New Haven, Conn., Nov. 14, 1732, mentions sons Theophilus, John, and Thomas; daughters Hannah, Naomi, Mary, Sarah and Elizabeth. Who were the ancestors of Benjamin Fenn, in England. He came to Dorchester, Mass., about 1630, removed to New Haven and Milford, Conn., 1638.

His will, made Sept. 14, 1672, mentions sons Benjamin, Samuel and James, daughters Sara, Mary, Martha and Susannah. To his son Samuel, he left dwelling house and lands in Buckinghamshire, England. Information gladly received.—M. F.

6704. HARRINGTON, MARTIN—What was the maiden name of Elizabeth Harrington (Harrenden or Harlington) who was born 1725. She had a son Stephen, born June 13, 1748, married Amey Harris, 1771, a daughter Sarah, married Jonathan Sherman of South Kingstown, R. I. a daughter Mary who married Amos Sheffield, and possibly a daughter Elizabeth, who married Gould Northup after 1761. The widow Elizabeth H. went to Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, in 1761 or '63 with Stephen and three daughters. She, late in life, married Christopher Knight of R. I. She died in Cornwallis, 1804. He died 1799. What was her husband's christian name. I would like information concerning Lieut. Bratherton Martin, his brothers, Peter, Perez and Chandler. Bratherton in the army raised for Crown Point in 1755, and later was a grantee in Horton, Nova Scotia.—C. H. B.

### ANSWERS.

6668. CHASE, EASTON, MEDBURY—John Medbury who died in Swansea, Mass. April 27, 1694, left widow Sarah, who afterwards married Israel Harding (son of Stephen and Bridget Harding of Providence, R. I.) left the following children:

Benjamin, born March 5, 1692.
Mary, born August 26, 1685.
Thomas and Ebenezer (Twins) born Nov. 7, 1686. Ebenezer died May 12, 1689.
Sarah born April 27, 1689.
Hannah born——.
Nathaniel born Sept. 28, 1691.

I very much want to find the ancestor of John Medbury also of his wife Sarah who after John Medbury's death married Israel Harding.—A. C. M.

Mother—Oh, Bobby, I'm ashamed of you. I never told stories when I was a little girl. Bobby—When did you begin, then, mummie?—Punch.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., May 1, 1911.

Estate of Silas N. Littlefield.

REUAMA E. LITTLEFIELD, Administratrix of the estate of Silas N. Littlefield late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents her petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral, and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of one certain tract or parcel of land containing about 30 acres, more or less, with dwelling house and other buildings and improvements thereon, situated in the western part of the town of New Shoreham, and bounded as follows: Northerly on land now used for School House purposes and land of the estate of John Dodge; Easterly on land of Noyes and Charles Ball; Southerly and Westerly on the town's highways, or however otherwise the same may appear to be bounded, it being all the real estate formerly belonging to said Silas N. Littlefield.

And further representing that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that she may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the fifth day of June, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.

5 20 3w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., May 1, 1911.

Estate of Ira H. Littlefield.

ELIZABETH LITTLEFIELD, Executor of the estate of IRA H. LITTLEFIELD, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents her first account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance; and the same is received, and referred to the 5th day of June 1911 at 2 o'clock, p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.

5-20-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

May 20, 1911.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of GEORGE A. HULL, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

LORA L. HULL,
Executrix.

5-20-3w


# "Bungalow" Beds.

At no time of the year could we so conscientiously advise owners of summer homes to drop in to the Titus Store for an inspection of these two brass beds beauties. That they are timely offerings you'll agree with us and also that they are highly artistic. Seldom have we been so fortunate in the possession of such.

## Twin Luxuries in Brass

And seldom is it your good fortune to be offered so much for so little. The height of the head is 41 inches; of the foot 34 inches. Three feet is the span of the width of each. Fancy them installed in a summer bedroom and then tell us if you would guess that for $30 you could own both of them yourself.

## A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.



To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND,

TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS — COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies travelling alone this is a great advantage.

These trains are splendidly equipped—vestibuled buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS
Daily Sundays included.
Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Due Washington at 9.45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

COLONIAL EXPRESS
Daily except Sundays.
Due Washington 9.41 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.

For information write A. S. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.



# SUMMER ISSUE

—OF—

# TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

## CLOSES MAY 24, 1911

ARRANGE FOR DESIRED LISTINGS OR CHANGES BEFORE THAT DATE.

Contract now for season service, installation of instruments may be held for later notification.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,
CONTRACT DEPARTMENT, 112 SPRING STREET.


# PURCHASE OF Egg Lobsters Discontinued.

The attention of all concerned is directed to the following:

On and after May 18, 1911.

No egg bearing lobsters will be purchased by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries until further notice. All such lobsters when taken, must therefore be returned to the water in good condition, immediately after capture, as provided by law.

5-20 E. W. BARNES, Superintendent.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

## Notice to Registry Voters

ALL PERSONS who are required to register their names in order to vote in this city during the present year are reminded that they must register in person at the City Clerk's Office before 9 p. m., FRIDAY, June 30, 1911.

The office is open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., daily and for the accommodation of those who cannot attend in the day time, it will be open evenings as follows:

Saturday, June 3; Wednesday, June 7; Saturday, June 10; Wednesday, June 14; Saturday, June 17; Monday, June 19; and on every evening from Wednesday, June 21 (except Sundays.)

The Deputy City Clerk will be at the First Ward Room, Monday, June 5, and Tuesday, June 15; at the Second Ward Room, Tuesday, June 6, and Thursday, June 15; at the Third Room, Thursday, June 8, and Friday, June 16; at the Fourth Ward Room, Friday, June 9, and Tuesday, June 27; and at the Fifth Ward Room, Monday, June 12, and Friday, June 23, from 7 to 9 p. m.

F. N. FULLERTON,
City Clerk.

Newport, R. I., May 19th, 1911—5-20-1t

Mr. Irving P. Irons, formerly of this city, is ill at his home in Providence.

Marriage on a small salary is a rea labor union.—Lippincott's.


## Carr's List.

Members of the Family, by Owen Wister, Author of the Virginian.
The Claw, by Cynthia Stockley, Author of "Poppy."
The Moving Finger, By E. Philip Oppenheim
The Ghost, by Arnold Bennett.
The High Hand, By Jacques Futrelle.
Elwel on Auction Bridge.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING


### A Denby Dale Pie.

Inhabitants of Denby Dale, near Barnsley, England, have had the habit for 100 years past of baking enormous pies to celebrate great events. On one occasion a Denby Dale pie contained a half a sheep, twenty fowls and half a peck of flour.


# GOLD DISCOVERED

## Little Fortunes That Await

A FAVORED FEW OF

# Newport and Vicinity

BY GEO. WHITEFIELD MEAD.

I have placed the above caption for the purpose of getting your attention. Once having your attention, I know that you will read this marvelous story to the end. For my plain purpose is to tell you just how and where little fortunes have been made, and where they can be made,—that too, without risk, indeed, with security that is better than a Government Bond!

Oh, yes, I am going to back up this statement with facts—facts that are "mighty" interesting reading, too, more fascinating than the best story that you ever read. That is, if you are interested in having a "little fortune for the rainy day," a trip around the world, education of your children, or for old age.

I KNOW that I can tell just how and where little savings can be turned into little Fortunes.

### Where Fortunes Are Made

Do you know that in the past decade the Country's wealth has increased 80 per cent., while New York City realty values have advanced 109 per cent.

And do you know that "in the past ten years New York City yielded more wealth to its owners than all the gold mines in the world combined." Do you doubt this startling statement? The proof is perfect, namely, "the increase in the bare assessed valuation of New York City real estate exceeded by over one hundred million dollars the world's output of gold for the same period."

Listen to this: In the next ten years New York will have added to its population the equivalent of a Boston, a Pittsburg and a San Francisco!

### Where Are People to Live?

They MUST go to the suburbs. They ARE going to the suburbs.

On every hand is the story of SUBURBAN LOTS DOUBLING AND MULTIPLYING IN VALUE IN A SHORT TIME, while there are lots which sold for $500, $600 and $900 five years ago that are now actually selling for $3,000 and upwards each.

New York suburban property moves one way only—upward. The tremendous pressure of new population creates new and higher levels of value. To buy and hold is to amass wealth.

Suburban home sites NEAR to New York are getting scarcer every year and HIGHER PRICED.

### Opportunity Now.

The Whitrege Realty Co., of which I am president, owns the 63 choice home sites of Whitrege Park, at Nutley, N. J., a choice, established suburb of New York City, only 13 miles from that great metropolis, which can be reached by express trains and use of tubes under Hudson River in thirty minutes. Think of that!—less time to the great down-town business section than places in the Bronx above 155th street, where small lots are selling for many thousands of dollars each.

### My Plan Your Gain.

By selling part of these plots at investment rates (that is, at the lowest possible price for the sake of proceeds that will help finance the enterprise), we can hold the remaining plots until we obtain for them and our investors, we believe, from two to several times these prices.

Already, I have sold several plots in Newport, and am ready to give names of buyers, some of whom have seen the property.

I have only a few remaining plots at the low investment rate. As soon as these are sold, all prices will be advanced and will continue to go UP—and to grow little fortunes for the few investors.

A 'phone call or a postal card and a pen of ink may bring you a fortune! Address or phone me, care of the MERCURY office. I am ready to call and explain our plan whereby small monthly payments can secure one of our plots, so long as the allotment at low rates lasts, (which will not be long).

Let me tell you all about it, openly, frankly, cheerfully—everything. All I wish is to place the full facts before you. I urge no one to invest.

### Two Things to Consider.

First, the reliability of our Company.

Listen: In a profession where my savings were small, very small, so small that I took them little by little to a bank where they drew a beggardly 4 per cent. interest—during this time I had opportunities for investments which appealed to me strongly. However, I did not know the management, was not acquainted with the men at the head of the enterprise, and, as I had known of losses by friends who had invested through unknown hands, I kept "my little" in the bank, though knowing that, so far as profits were concerned, the savings might about as well have been in an old shoe.

Now, I beg to ask if it is not of value to you, as one who would like just reward on your hard earned savings—that the management of the Whitrege Realty Co. is known to you; that you KNOW of the established character of the one at its head, and that you can depend absolutely on his integrity in what he SAYS as well as in what he does?

If any one reads this, who does not know the writer, the President of the Whitrege Realty Co., then inquire about him in Newport, ask the editor of the MERCURY, or other newspapers or ask any person or any bank in that city.

Another thing to consider, or better to ponder, is this: The opening of rapid transit through the tubes, with electric service, from New York to Erie Railroad station, Jersey City, also to Lackawanna and Pennsylvania stations, started new tides of growth into the suburbs of New Jersey.

New York City's Population Pouring Into suburbs of New Jersey.

While the percentage increase in population, 1900 to 1910, in New York City was 33.7, the increase in Nutley, N. J., and ADJACENT TOWNS was as follows: Nutley, 63 per cent., Newark, 41.2, East Orange, 59.8, Passaic, 97.2, Montclair, 54.3. This tide of growth is swelling daily.

Facts bear out the forecast of Mr. William R. Wilcox, Chairman of the Public Service Commission of New York City, who said, "New York is growing by leaps and bounds. It is difficult for the layman to realize the situation. * * * The outlying Boroughs of New York will witness a remarkable development."—The N. Y. Times, Feb. 6, 1910.

One developer in Nutley last year built and sold 150 houses. And the building activity continues.

So also in Nutley's neighboring town, Montclair. The following is from The New York Tribune, Friday, March 31st, 1911.

"Montclair, N. J., March 30 (Special). The filing of plans for new buildings aggregating in value half a million dollars in the present month indicates that Montclair will experience a great building boom during the coming summer. All the plans are for houses, apartments, garages, etc., no business buildings being included in the list of new structures."

Such facts could be multiplied!

### The Realty Boom in Nutley.

The recent completion of the Erie Railroad's "Open Cut" through Bergen Hill, Jersey City, a part of plans for vast improvements, started the Realty boom on the Erie Railroad, on which Nutley is situated.

The cost of the "Open Cut" with approaches, was about $5,000,000.

We can show you how values in Whitrege Park, Nutley, N. J., will double and treble in value in a short time.

By way of suggestion, for one thing, mention may be made that the price of building lots in the Bronx and on Long Island advanced gradually when improvements in transportation were under way, but VALUES DOUBLED WITHIN SIX MONTHS following the opening of the roads with ELECTRIC service, and since then values have CONTINUED to increase, some in this short time to over 400 per cent. So it will be with Nutley.

Won't you give me the privilege of explaining personally our investment plan. That would do you no harm. It could, though, result in bringing you a little Fortune. Anyway, we would know each other better, and should like that. Address GEO. WHITEFIELD MEAD, Mercury Office, 182 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

Telephone No. 131



RHODE ISLAND.

## STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN

Agriculture, Engineering, Applied Science, Home Economics — B. S. Degree

SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in

Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Economy — Certificate

Free Tuition. Excellent Equipment.
Board $3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, $1 cents per week.
Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible.
Address STATE COLLEGE, Kingston, R.I.

7-23-tf


The schoolteacher was trying to illustrate the difference between plants and animals.

"Plants," she explained, "are not susceptible of attachment to man as animals are."

With and Without.—Owner—Don't you know you can't fish here without a permit? Boy—Gard! I've caught scores of 'em wiv a worm!—The Throne


"Meet Me at Barney's."

Special Saturday Sale with a new

# FEATURE

Consisting of a demonstration with violin and piano of popular music which will be on sale

SATURDAY, May 20th, Only

at 14c. per copy.

# BARNEY'S Music Store,

140 Thames Street.


Jack—Alice has a splendid voice. Has she ever sung for you?
Tim—No.
Jack—She will if you press her.
Tom—What is she—one of those mechanical dolls?—Boston Transcript.